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## The Week

IN President Coolidge's July 3 speech he again urged upon the people of Europe the necessity of working out among themselves a general scheme for the preservation of peace. On the heels of his statement come dispatches from Geneva to the effect that this autumn a new effort to promote general security may be expected, to take the place of the ill-fated Protocol of Geneva. We are told that whereas that document tried to cover the triple field of arbitration, disarmament and security, the new plan will be confined to the compulsory arbitration of international disputes of a character likely to lead to war. Naturally, the success of any such effort will depend upon the outcome of the negotiations now in progress among England, France and Germany; and these in turn depend upon the willingness of France to modify her existing position —a willingness of which she has as yet shown no signs. It is a somewhat discouraging thought that seven years after the close of the War, the powers should be talking in tones of timid hopefulness about the possibility of putting into effect a proposal for arbitration differing in no important particular from that already contained in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

EDWARD L. DOHENY has at last broken his silence to the extent of eleven solid columns of small type in the New York Times, defending himself, Secretary Fall and the naval oil leases. Mr. Doheny, on the advice of counsel, omits all reference to the $100,000 "loan." In fact, his attorneys advised him not to make any statement at all, and we are inclined to think they were right. He declares that the whole Cabinet had cognizance of the proposed transaction, although several of its members, notably Messrs. Hoover and Hughes, have denied that it was ever discussed at any meeting. He explains that he entered upon the enterprise at the urgent request of Admiral Robison, who feared a war with Japan, and wanted naval oil available in the Pacific. This statement, however, overlooks both the $100,000,000 profit he expected and the fact that before the first Doheny lease was signed the Washington Conference had been held and war with Japan was certainly less likely than it had been for decades.

MR. DOHENY maintains that the secrecy with which the transfer of the oil reserves from the Navy to the Department of the Interior was shrouded was due to military necessity; but fails to explain whether he supposes that the building of the Pearl Harbor tanks—a project about as secret as building Brooklyn Bridge—could have been kept from the knowledge of the Japanese government. Finally, he accuses the government of suppressing important documents favorable to the cause of the oil men. We do not know whether this is true or not; but we do know that the oil men suppressed not only documents but the four chief witnesses in the transaction of the Continental Trading Company. Mr. Doheny's statement has undoubtedly done his cause no good. To gain an accurate conception of what happened, we must still wait upon the action of the higher courts in the Doheny and Sinclair cases, and upon the forthcoming trial of these men in the District of Columbia for conspiracy to defraud.

THE disturbances in China have occasioned the appearance of an extraordinary lot of nonsense on


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both sides. Those who on various grounds are against the Chinese talk as if extra-territoriality and the other special privileges for foreigners in China were God-given rights, the abolition of which must produce an immediate catastrophe. Some friends of the Chinese have been guilty of assuming that all the ills to which that country has been subjected in recent years have been due solely to the existence of an extra-legal status for foreigners. Both these attitudes are more extreme than the facts warrant. The absence of a strong central government in China is in large measure the result of the policy of the Powers for the past eighty-five years, of which extra-territoriality and the control of the customs are but two examples; yet it is perfectly possible that the recent revolutionary troubles would have taken place even had the powers left China strictly alone. On the other hand, the special privileges which the former enjoy were undoubtedly created, not because they were necessary, but because the military and naval power existed to make them possible. If they were abolished tomorrow, the present foreign trade with, and other activities in, China would be somewhat impeded; but they would still go on.

TWO threatened coal strikes present an opportunity of proving whether the country is intelligent enough to profit by research. Two years ago we had a Coal Commission which illuminated many of the problems implicit in both anthracite and bituminous industries. The recommendations of the Commission, modest and tentative as they were, have not been acted upon—have in fact scarcely received careful attention—either by Congress or anyone else concerned. We shall now see whether editors and politicians have absorbed even the facts presented and are able to furnish an intelligent interpretation of what is happening.

THOSE who fear rises in price as a result of the demand of anthracite workers for 10 percent increase in wages of miners and a dollar a day for laborers may with profit look back at the Commission's revelations. The anthracite industry is a natural monopoly, the bulk of which is controlled by a few large concerns. The price at the mine is the smaller part of the retail price, and labor costs in turn are the smaller part of the price at the mine. There is more hope for the consumer in economies of distribution than in economies of production. If operators should pass on the entire wage increase to the public, the rise in the price of coal to the consumer would be small indeed. But most of the large companies have been making such high profits on their original investment, and have been salting away such enormous values in the shape of depletion charges, that they could well afford to absorb a considerable wage increase without charging a cent more per ton. Increases in price would be justified only in the case of marginal concerns which supply a small percentage of the hard coal. If some action were taken to pool anthracite costs and profits, the whole industry might easily grant more to the miners than it does. Of course no such action has been taken, and consequently the more favorably situated operators do and can continue to profit from the necessities of their small competitors. It should also be remembered that a fairly large supply of anthracite has been mined and is in storage, so that no shortage need be feared except from a long strike. These facts, as a starter, may give users of hard coal something to think about.

FACTS about the soft coal industry have been more recently aired. There are too many mines and too many miners to supply normal demand. The industry is greatly overdeveloped, and production could be cut down for a long time and over a wide area before a serious shortage would appear. The Jacksonville agreement, stabilizing wages for miners in union fields for several years, was relied upon by many to provide a period of peace in which the less efficient mines would drop out of the industry. The union hoped to hold its position by either organizing or striking the non-union mines. It has largely failed in this attempt, however, and the line has been drawn between the eliminated and the surviving mines, not on the basis of efficiency, but largely on the basis of the wages paid. This has eaten seriously into union territory and has made the Jacksonville agreement a dead letter with many operators who signed it. If a bituminous strike comes, it will be because the union officials believe the union is already so badly off that it has little to lose and something to gain. But a union "victory" would not solve the difficulty unless a uniform wage were established in all mines. Short of that, the only gain would be a temporary one caused by a strike shortage. The basic problem of the industry would still remain.

THERE are about as many solutions of the agricultural problem as there are persons who write and talk about it. Much as they may disagree on other matters, however, these self-appointed physicians nearly always prescribe producers' coöperation. There is good reason for this. While coöperative marketing has not yet been applied successfully to crops like wheat, grown in enormous quantities and over large areas, it has proven itself beyond question when applied to an individual product grown in a fairly restricted area. The principles which underlie successful coöperation of this sort are now beginning to be fairly well known; though the information is still much less widely disseminated than it should be. It is for this reason that we are glad to note the coming conference of the American Institute of Coöperation, which will be held at the University of Pennsylvania, July 20 to August 15. The members of the Institute are seventeen organizations connected in one way or another with

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agriculture, and including the American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange, the National Association of Marketing Officials, etc. At the forthcoming meeting all sorts of problems connected with coöperative marketing of farm products will be discussed by the country's leading authorities. If knowledge really is power, the American farmer should be decidedly stronger as a result.

WE sympathize with the motive which actuated the attorneys for the defense in the Scopes case in their unsuccessful attempt to transfer it to a federal court and thereby abolish the circus aspects which have been so painfully in evidence. As we pointed out last week, even if the law were found unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, the Tennessee legislature could easily secure its desired end by some other and more roundabout means. The advantage of the trial is not primarily the effort to have the law declared unconstitutional. Neither is it the opportunity to present evidence in support of the theory of evolution, the truth or falsity of which is decidedly a minor issue. The really important thing is the attempt to maintain the general principle of freedom of speech and thought for educators. That purpose has been in danger of being lost sight of, in the welter of eminent counsel, ridiculous counsel, press-agentry, lemonade and peanuts.

WE also pointed out last week that a backward state can most easily maintain its backwardness—though its anti-evolution laws be swept away by court decision—simply through the exercise of its control over the personnel of its public schools. Since then Kentucky has graciously come forward with the evidence to substantiate this claim. Kentucky, it will be remembered, escaped its anti-evolution bill by a precarious margin of enlightenment in a recent legislature. But the city of Paducah has refused appointment as teacher of mathematics in a city school to a young woman who failed to answer satisfactorily the questions of the superintendent about her opinions upon evolution. True, the young woman is a sister of John T. Scopes, of Dayton, Tenn. No doubt Superintendent Hanifan would defend his action on the ground that whatever his views on evolution he must avoid trouble. But this is precisely the ground on which the suppression of free speech is always defended. No university president ever refused reappointment to a professor because of his opinions; the object is always to eliminate "trouble-makers." Furthermore, the most subtle and effective method of removal is the denial of reappointment, since by every precedent that is the unquestioned prerogative of the powers that be. Agitation over enactments against evolution should not be allowed to blind our eyes to the fact that evolution has never been much taught below the Mason and Dixon line—or west of the water tower.

AMONG the reminiscences of the Sabbath, in the New York World for Monday, July 6, one may read in adjoining columns: "Coercion Opposed by Dean Mathews," and "Minister Demands Whipping Posts." Dean Mathews, at the Park Avenue Baptist Church, preached on the mission of Jesus to substitute a spirit of coöperation and kindness for force in human affairs. Rev. C. H. Fountain, also a Baptist, in the auditorium of the Campbell Funeral Church, raved like the very God of Israel about an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. "Modernism," he complained, according to the World, "looks upon sin as a disease rather than a guilt. This influence is seen in pampering the criminal class, sending offenders to nice prisons to be well-fed and entertained. If the whipping-post could be established it would have a beneficial effect in securing the safety of society." Perhaps the hot blood of this scientific penologist and humble follower of his Master might be cooled by reading on another page of this same fruitful issue of the World the report of the special grand jury, called to investigate prison conditions in Nash County, N. C. This document recites in detail horrors of physical torture inflicted by various forms of beating, including the case of a Negro who, as he lay bleeding from the lash, was further tortured by having salt rubbed into his wounds. During two years of such treatment he had prayed often, (to the God whom Dean Mathews and Mr. Fountain both worship) that he might die. The Grand Jury with its eye on these facts differs from Rev. C. H. Fountain in recommending the total abolishment of corporal punishment in the prison camps of Nash County.

THE fundamentalists who sought recently to get control of the Northern Baptist Convention were no doubt acting in good faith. The honesty of their convictions is not impuned by their zeal. Neither does bigotry constitute a refutation of the faith it seeks to bolster. To go and spread the gospel unto all the earth is an injunction upon fundamentalists no less than upon torchbearers of enlightenment. But intolerance, coercion, and heresy hunting do seem to be the special prerogative of the orthodox. There is something about the defense of ancient faith that seems to dispose men to pay less attention to that faith than to the means of stamping out the follies of more flexible-minded thinkers. Your fundamentalist is not content with spreading his gospel. What he wants is to withdraw that privilege from modernists. This attempt, luckily unsuccessful, to gain control of the machinery behind all the Northern Baptist foreign missions, with a view to straining all the missionaries through the sieve of fundamental dogma, is the strategy characteristic of every inquisition.

SO, ALSO, is the attempt to enlist the powers of the state in the battle for salvation. Blue laws we have always with us. The weapon of the moment,

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however, is the legal regulation of the materials of public education. Its cutting edge is anti-evolution. Preposterous as it may seem to those sophisticated people who have already begun to regard the Tennessee case as half intentional farce, these fundamentalist Baptists have seriously announced the formation of an extensive organization to promote the passage of anti-evolution laws in other states. Minnesota, California, and Oregon are its immediate objectives. Washington is to be favored during a special session of the legislature in the fall. Kentucky is already the recipient of its attentions. What this means is first that orthodoxy regards every established power—whether of church or of state—as its rightly vested property; and second, that it feels the necessity of employing such powers if it is to survive at all. For the fundamentalist the question is not what can we do to save the Chinese, or the ignorant, but what can we do to preserve our ancient dogma.

THE courts which grant naturalization to aliens face a difficult problem nowadays in dealing with married applicants whose wives still live abroad. Prior to the passage of the law of 1922, when American citizenship was conferred on an alien it immediately and automatically made his wife an American citizen as well; and since she, if she were abroad, might be a person who would not normally be admitted to this country, it was the general practice of naturalization courts not to grant citizenship to the alien who had a wife in another land. Under the present law, the wife of the naturalized alien does not become an American citizen, and if she seeks entrance to this country, is subject to all the restrictions of any other immigrant with the exception that she does not come under the quota requirements. If citizenship is granted to the husband, therefore, there is a possibility that his wife may be debarred from entrance on the grounds of physical or mental disqualification. Such a restriction seems particularly unfair when applied to the wife of a citizen. Also, if the naturalized alien is unable to have his wife join him, he is less likely to remain in this country; and the courts naturally do not then wish to grant citizenship. If naturalization is refused to the husband, the wife's chance of joining him is poorer than ever. It is a very pretty problem and one which is giving the Department of Labor and the courts much concern.

## The Progressive Direction

THE death of Senator LaFollette has naturally provoked a good deal of discussion about the prospects of political progressivism in this country and the effect of his disappearance upon them. As to the second of these questions no candid and well informed person can doubt the answer. Enormous as have been the late Mr. LaFollette's contributions to progressivism in the past, his disappearance will have little or no effect upon its future. He vanished early in November, 1924, as the national progressive political leader. Both as Senator and as the boss of his own state he remained an important and formidable officer in the progressive ranks, but even if he had been a younger man and in robust health, the miscarriage of his campaign in the last election revealed the weaknesses in his equipment for the position of general. His personal prestige and popular following proved to be much smaller outside the State of Wisconsin than he himself estimated, but this lack of a national clientele was only a minor disqualification. He was too old a man, too fixed in his habits of mind and too deeply rooted in the accidents and illusions of his political past to give to the political progressivism of 1925 the direction and the vision which it needed for the development of its latent promise.

Robert LaFollette conducted the campaign of 1924 with an array of weapons, tactics and strategy not essentially different from those which he could have used with much better effect if he had run in 1912. He sacrificed the opportunity which his candidacy offered of educating progressives to understand the real objects and the trustworthy instruments of contemporary progressive agitation, to the illusory expectation of polling a huge vote. In spite of his temperamental antipathy to Theodore Roosevelt and the different emphasis of the two men in dealing with the problems of big business, they both envisaged the ends and the means of progressive politics in essentially the same terms. They both served their political apprenticeship during the years in which the state party bosses sold their power which was based in part on bribery and graft to the corporations for corrupt purposes; and they both became and remained at bottom moral reformers who expected to redeem American politics by winning elections and substituting well informed, disinterested and public-spirited legislators and executives for the predatory or over-accommodating officials of that day. In addition they accepted and fought for a definite and enlightened program of social legislation, of administrative reconstruction and of increased popular political responsibility. Yet in the case of both men progressivism was a matter of puritan politics rather than of personal and class liberation through popular education and increased economic responsibility and self-control. Their campaigns derived motive power from a hatred of greed and corruption, and from a melodramatic condemnation of their opponents as officious rascals. They depended chiefly for the reformation of industry and public policy upon orders issued by the state in its function as policeman. They acted as if they placed complete confidence in the adequacy of political speeches to educate a majority of the American people to understand and cherish progressive ideals.

But since the first decade of the twentieth century

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when Roosevelt and LaFollette gained power, the problem of progressive democracy in America and the conditions under which a progressive social program may be realized have undergone a radical transformation. The first generation of reformers achieved one substantial success which altered the task of their followers. They partially, but still effectively, cleaned up American party politics. They brought to an end its obviously corrupt alliance with business. There is, no doubt, as much greed, as much cynicism, as much unscrupulous grasping for place and power, and as little conviction and social outlook in American electioneering today as there was in 1906, but there is less downright dishonesty. Corporations no longer buy administrative and legislative favors as consistently and as notoriously as they once did. They are obliged much against their will to submit in one form or another to a large amount of presumably corrective state and federal supervision. It is, consequently, neither fair nor expedient to denounce big business as Roosevelt once did and as LaFollette continued to do during the last campaign. The descent of the Ohio gang on Washington during the presidency of Mr. Harding was only an episode. Business leaders are no longer engaged with the party politicians in contriving a predatory conspiracy against the public welfare.

The power exercised by the American plutocracy brings with it grave, manifold and persistent dangers of abuse, but its deplorable and dangerous characteristics are not born of the fact that its leaders are morally blameworthy. On the contrary many of them are unusually well-intentioned men. The plutocracy is becoming objectionable for much more impersonal and important reasons. The vested interests of American business are tending to do away with the traditional mobility of American society and to prevent the American democracy from fulfilling its original equalitarian and humane ideals. The conservatives insist on perpetuating a distribution of economic power and a class limitation of economic activities which will liberate a much smaller volume and a poorer quality of human life in the future than it has done in the past. The progressives who finally curb the aggressiveness of business and ameliorate its abuses will be men and women who are cramped in their individual and class development by this tendency to vest too much power in the owners of private property and who rebel against it. The exigencies of their individual and group liberation will force them to invent political and economic forms which will make for a wider distribution of economic power and social responsibility. It was Mr. LaFollette's failure to understand that the future political success of progressivism had come to depend chiefly on the improved economic and social education of all classes of American workers which betrayed him during the last campaign into a vain attempt to promote the progressive cause by appealing to an ignorant and merely discontented vote and into neglecting the promising opportunity of arousing more of the American people to the need and the purposes of a conscious farmer-labor party.

The American nation is the most complete example of plutocracy in human history. The word plutocracy means, of course, to most of us a baleful and sinister thing, but, in the form which it traditionally assumed in America, it is entangled with the most cherished ideals and the most distinctive and desirable achievements of the American democracy. Almost from the beginning the New World offered the common man unprecedentedly favorable opportunities of becoming personally independent by acquiring property. American political, legal, technical and cultural institutions have all been determined by these opportunities. Their existence tempted the nation to seek for itself an unprecedented combination of general welfare and popular power. From the beginning of their national life Americans have consciously sought to make themselves into a plutocracy which was also a democracy. Theirs was to be government by and for the people, but the people who governed were supposed to be prosperous citizens who controlled the sources of their own well-being and whose political self-government was the offspring of their economic power and independence.

The plan was on the whole a success until a generation ago, but of late years changes in the distribution of American wealth have altered the relation between the democratic and the plutocratic aspects of American society. The private appropriation of the original public fund of natural resources has deprived the common man of his former accessibility to the means of economic independence. Gross inequalities have appeared. Huge fortunes have become numerous and large fortunes so common that they pervade and poison popular social values. These inequalities have been accompanied by a widely diffused ownership of property and by an unusually high standard of popular comfort, but possession of property no longer brings with it to the same extent as formerly economic power and personal independence. An account in the savings bank, a frame house in the suburbs or a few shares of the capital stock of a corporation are the forms of wealth now chiefly accessible to the American worker, and they are all possessions which infect their owners with petty preoccupations and apprehensions rather than with the sense of power and responsibility which comes from the ownership of a farm or the practice of a trade. The majority of American citizens have become either wage-earning or salaried workers, professional experts or farmers who depend exclusively and precariously upon their labor for their means of support. The management of business and effective responsibility for its social consequences are concentrated in the hands of comparatively few people. These people are fully conscious of the power which they exercise,

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the kind of danger which threatens it and their best chance of consolidating their position and averting the danger. Although they live in widely separated parts of the country, they are coming to know and to reënforce one another. They are doing their best to freeze up morally and legally the existing class distribution of economic initiative and control, and to associate any attempt to redistribute it or pare down its inequalities with social disorder and public insecurity.

The power of the new plutocracy is not assailable by the route of ordinary political agitation. The politicians who occupy themselves with protecting its interests are more capable organizers and demagogues than are their radical opponents. The conservatives have all the advantages of position. They control the national machinery of both parties, and by the use of this control can always isolate a radical outbreak and prevent it from spreading. They have appropriated the newspaper press and most of the machinery of publicity; and by using it skilfully they can smother and eventually extinguish any possibly inflammable political or economic disturbances—as they so efficiently did in the case of the Fall and Daugherty scandals of a year ago. Certain superficial aspects of the American tradition and, consequently, many of the shibboleths of American politics count in their favor and are used to the limit. The leaders of American business are able to influence, if not to determine, the immediate economic welfare of the majority of their fellow countrymen. If they are discontented with the political outlook, they can deprive or threaten to deprive millions of wage-earners and farmers of the opportunity to work or of the fruits of labor, and they have not scrupled and will not scruple to turn this powerful weapon to full account. Finally, if pushed towards the wall, they can always fall back on the red peril. They believe and declare just as firmly as the monarchs of Europe ever did that, if anything is done to impair their privileges, the whole economic and social structure will crash to the ground and bury the American democracy under its ruins.

What progressives most need to remember is that there is a substantial margin of truth in these conservative pretensions. American business men are operating a more efficient and flexible economic and political machine than did the kings and aristocrats of the eighteenth century. They are operating it more efficiently than their opponents would or could. If the assault is too uncompromising, too peremptory and too much improvised, its success will imperil precious social interests. There is only one way in which the plutocracy can be fought both successfully and uncompromisingly. The class workers, both manual and technical, must educate themselves gradually to take over part of the existing monopoly of economic power. The labor unions must prepare themselves to assume little by little positive functions in the organization and operation of industry. The farmers must regain their independence by building up a class coöperative organization analogous to that of Denmark. They will need the help of professional and technical experts, but as soon as the latter understand how unfavorable an atmosphere a plutocratic society provides for a completely released technical and scientific activity they may obtain such help. Finally, a great deal will depend upon the attitude of the intelligentsia. The only kind of progressivism whose representatives would be capable of taking political and economic power away from such an alert and capable plutocracy must derive its ultimate authority from an improved understanding of social processes. It presupposes both an increasing disposition on the part of the people who participate in such processes to obtain an understanding of them by systematically watching them, and an increasing conviction among Americans of intelligence that, unless the power of the plutocracy is redistributed, it will in the end destroy democracy in America.

These educational preparations may occupy the life of a generation. In the meantime the best way to accelerate its slow pace and relieve its monotony is by carrying on political effort and organizations in association with economic effort and organizations. Political weapons should not be abandoned because they are for the present ineffective. It is essential to build up an organization of voters who agree as to the object of progressive agitation and who accept for the moment the subordination of political success to the achievement of increased economic power for the workers and to the increasing popular consciousness of the danger which threatens the American democratic experiment. If that organization can include even 15 percent of the electorate, it will soon count positively in American politics. Government by and for business occupies a deservedly strong position, but it will have within the next ten years to contend with the increasing ineptitude of its own essential institutions. Hereafter the law of diminishing returns will become more and more effective with respect to the product of American natural resources. It will be impossible for the business man's government to maintain the prevailing standard of living without sacrificing royalties and profits or without securing the energetic and ingenious coöperation of its wage-earning and salaried workers. Yet if the standard of living should be lowered an increasing popular discontent would compromise the stability of the whole political structure. It is the hope of progressivism that before such difficulties become acute, the several conscious groups of workers will so improve their economic and political organization that they will be ready to take over some of the power which the business men will become incapable of exercising satisfactorily.

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# Social Policy and the Supreme Court

IN THE following letter Professor Morris R. Cohen continues our recent discussion of the Oregon School Law Decision:

> SIR: To your very wise comments on the Supreme Court decision in the Oregon Case let me add the following: If the newspaper extracts from the decision are to be trusted, the Oregon law was declared unconstitutional on the ground that taking away the parent's right to send his children to whatever school he deems right, is a taking away of his property. If this be so the Supreme Court has stretched the term *property* (already stretched in previous decisions beyond any definite meaning) to include a most personal relation. Such a misuse of a fundamental legal concept is fraught with dangerous confusion. By making the terms of the Fourteenth Amendment meaningless the power of the federal courts to annul state legislation becomes limitless.
>
> MORRIS R. COHEN.

The full text of the Supreme Court's opinion in the Oregon Case avoids the "dangerous confusion" exposed by Professor Cohen. The Supreme Court was dealing immediately not with the rights of parents but with the rights of private schools, ministering to the desire of parents for the kind of education not provided by the state. The Catholic School and the Military Academy which successfully attacked the Oregon law did have property interests at stake, and the attempt of the state to prohibit children from being sent to these private schools was found to be a deprivation of "property" without justification and, therefore, without "due process of law." But, as the Court pointed out, the invasion of the property interests of these private schools ultimately involved an assumption by the state of the exclusive authority to direct the education of children, and this claim of the state involved an invasion not of the property of parents but of their "liberty," as the judges conceived the liberty which is guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. Therefore, the concept of property was not stretched to include a "most personal relation"; the term "liberty"—a much more congenial conception—served the purpose.

For both "liberty" and "property" are embraced by the Fourteenth Amendment. In fact, that provision of the Constitution subsumes the totality of man's concerns enforcible through law under three heads: "No State . . . . shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." Historically, "life" meant life; "liberty" looked to freedom from physical restraint; "property" was property, things felt and seen. Not only were the guarantees of the due process clause in earlier days thus closely confined to definitely conceived human interests; the guarantees merely assured orderly procedure—the sanction of law as against bureaucratic fiat. But all this is ancient history. Within less than half a century, the Supreme Court has wholly transmuted the historic content of the due process clause. Judge Charles M. Hough of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals has reminded us that the words of the Fourteenth Amendment have a "convenient vagueness." Out of its inexhaustible vagueness the Supreme Court, like a powerful silkworm, has been spinning shrouds for the laws of the states. Judge Hough has pungently summarized the forces whose impact led the Supreme Court to turn to the due process clause for resistance to state legislation:

> War memories were fading fast, greater cities needed more government than farming townships, increasing wealth tempted taxation, ambitious local improvements demanded it, and heavily indebted transportation lines controlled by distant security holders continued to irritate an increasing population that owed its existence to that which excited their anger. Everywhere was there quick material recovery from the collapse of '73, and everywhere increasing inclination to translate social yearnings into statutes that interfered with that also fast-increasing class who wished to be let alone because they were very well able to take care of themselves under a static common law; dynamic statute law was unknown and abhorrent.

Of course the Supreme Court indefinitely stretched the meaning of the terms "liberty" and "property." Professor Cohen is expecting the unreasonable if he thinks that concepts like liberty or property will remain static. Those concepts, as none knows better than he, have had changing color and contour in the history of social policy as reflected by legislation and in the opinion of the laity and the learned. We cannot expect to stereotype these conceptions by entrusting them to the judiciary. The difficulties inhere in the fluidity of the conceptions. Professor Cohen is really objecting not to changes in the conception of liberty or property. His real objection is that judges should do the changing. And here is the crux of the matter.

For the Fourteenth Amendment in plain truth deals with "law" very different from ordinary law in its incidence, in its raw material and in the stuff that determines decisions. The multitudinous cases arising under the Fourteenth Amendment that come before the Supreme Court for adjudication like an ordinary law suit are, in essence, judgments upon social policies. Rent laws, prohibition of private employment agencies, compulsory arbitration, the status of trade unions, an endless variety of statutes restricting the exploitation of property in congested communities—these raise inescapable issues of social policy, and policy where "social science" offers meagre and ambiguous guidance.

Such are the questions which we cast upon the nine men of the Supreme Bench for solution. Forty-eight states, with all the complexities of local problems that harass them, depend on those nine men to

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supervise their social measures. That it is necessarily done episodically, through the accidents of litigation; and conveyed all too frequently through the dubious language of dicta, only intensifies the awkward and insensitive nature of the mechanism. No other nation in the world deposits such a vast share of responsibility for its social policy with its judiciary. It is sheer pedantry to prove that power to declare legislation invalid antedated our Constitution. It is wholly confusing to assert that other nations today entrust their courts with questions of constitutionality. What matters is that no other nation entrusts its courts with *such questions* of constitutionality as our Supreme Court has to deal with under the Fourteenth Amendment. As everyone knows, powerful forces in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 sought to make the Supreme Court explicitly the organ of statutory revision, as a conservative check against the dangers of popular legislation. That proposal was rejected. American opinion has ever since regarded the exclusion of the courts from the domain of policy as a basic doctrine of our scheme of government. On innumerable occasions the Supreme Court has paid devout lip-service to a doctrine which, in theory, it shares with the rest of our democracy. In practice it has on innumerable occasions violated the doctrine. It will continue to violate it. It must violate it so long as the oversight of social legislation, necessarily turning on contested issues of policy, is left under the guise of the due process clauses to the Supreme Court.

# Those Who Live By Owning

THOSE good people who have been concerned for some time past over the encroachment of wages and taxes upon the income of the propertied classes can put their minds at rest. In the United States, at least, the income from owning things is increasing in a most striking manner. The Treasury has, within the last few weeks, published the incomes which people reported to it in 1923 for income tax purposes. Such incomes are always conservatively stated, and err, if at all, on the side of undue modesty. The official publication shows incomes from property, including rents, royalties, interest and dividends received, amounting to $8,235,000,000. This sum does not include profits derived from the sale of stocks, bonds, and real estate. These amounted, in 1923, to another $1,273,000,000, and bring the total derived from the use of property or profits from its sale to over $9,500,000,000.

Standing by itself this figure probably means little to the average reader. But when it is compared with previous years, especially those of post-war profits, it becomes eloquent. Even in the inflation year of 1920, with prices at the peak and with production and employment at a high level, the total income reported from rents, royalties, interest and dividends was less than $5,500,000,000. The profits from the sale of stocks, bonds, and real estate was $1,020,000,000, bringing the total from the use of property and its sale to a shade over $6,500,000,000. This was the highest point reached during the War and the boom which followed it. It is almost exactly $3,000,000,000 less than the amount reported for the year 1923, despite the fact that the number of people reporting incomes was not much different in the two years. In 1919 the incomes reported from rent, interest, and dividends were less than $5,000,000,000, and the profits from the sale of property less than $1,000,000,000, making the total under $6,000,000,000.

The growth of incomes from property has been gradual and uninterrupted since the close of the War except for the year 1921. In that year of depression and falling prices the owners of property suffered a decline; but it was surprisingly small, amounting as it did to only 3 percent for rents, interest, and dividends. The profits from the sale of securities and real estate dropped more than half, but the total from all these sources decreased only 11 percent, from $6,500,000,000 to $5,800,000,000. In the year 1922 rent, interest, and dividends surpassed the high-water mark previously reached by almost half a billion dollars, and amounted to more than $5,900,000,000; while the profits from sale of securities and real estate were almost $1,000,000,000—making a total of $6,900,000,000. Then came this amazing increase to $9,500,000,000 in 1923.

There were, of course, speculative losses; and the owners of this property paid interest and taxes in all these years. These three items are comprehended in the Treasury statistics under the caption "General Deductions." They were larger in 1923 than they had ever been before, exceeding those of the previous year by nearly $1,200,000,000. It is not fair to subtract all these general deductions from the income from property, for many of them pertain to incomes other than those from property. Yet for all that, the growth of property income from use and sale between 1922 and 1923 was sufficient to offset the entire increase in deductions for income from all sources and leave a margin over of $1,360,000,000 as the net increase. The total personal income taxes paid to the federal government amounted to only $703,000,000, or a little more than one-half this net increase in property income.

It is clear, then, that our incomes from property are not being hampered greatly in their growth, either by the policy of taxation which we have pursued since the close of the War or by the high level of wages which has prevailed since then. It is true that our wage levels are more than twice what they were before the War, and that they were as high

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in 1923 as in 1919. Yet incomes from property are growing apace.

The objection will doubtless be raised at this point that the year 1923 was a year of large production and business prosperity from which it is hardly safe to reason for the future. But all the evidence at hand indicates that this criticism will not hold. The best evidence of the incomes which people enjoyed during 1924 is to be found in the income and profits taxes paid to the Treasury on account of that year. These are being paid in four instalments during the year 1925. The first half of that year has been completed and we know now that the income and profits taxes will not be 5 percent less for incomes received in the year 1924 than they were for 1923. The comparative figures for the first six months are $977,000,000 on account of 1924 as against $1,023,000,000 for the previous year. Corporate incomes, especially in the fields of manufacture and trade, were doubtless somewhat less in 1924 than in 1923, and the taxes paid by them are correspondingly reduced. It must be clear, therefore, that the personal incomes reported for the two years were practically identical. And it is certain, too, that the reported income of 1924 was maintained at the high level of the previous year by incomes from property and not by incomes received from personal industry. The fact that employment was at a lower level than in 1923 would prevent an increase in wages and salaries.

There is a further indication that the incomes from property were larger in 1924 than in the previous year in the total dividend and interest payments recorded by the United States Department of Commerce in its Survey of Current Business. These were 6 percent higher for the companies there recorded in 1924 than in 1923. For the first half of 1925 they show another marked advance over last year. It is a safe prediction that the incomes from rents, interest, and dividends received by those who will pay income taxes for 1925 are well in excess of $9,000,000,000. The profits from the sale of stocks, bonds, and real estate will certainly be large this year, so that the sum of all these items will be over $10,000,000,000 and may reach $11,000,000,000. It may be noted in passing that the banks which were so much worried about profits because of the low interest rates of 1924 closed the year with larger earnings than for any previous year except 1920, when all the member banks of the Federal Reserve are taken into account. They will certainly do even better in 1925.

The figures which are here presented as income from property do not include incomes from business carried on by individuals and partnerships. In practically all such cases the business is conducted with property which the business man owns in part or in whole; but none of the income derived from the use of that property is included here. The incomes from business pursuits reported by persons, as distinguished from corporations, were also much larger in 1923 than they had been in any previous year. They are over $1,000,000,000 larger than in 1919 and over $2,000,000,000 larger than in 1922.

It is probable that the incomes from property increased even more than these comparative figures indicate. There is doubtless truth in the assertions of the Treasury and of income-tax accountants that rich individuals have organized corporations and transferred their holdings of stocks, bonds, and other property to them for the purpose of avoiding their personal income taxes. To the extent that this has been done these incomes from property are eliminated from the returns of individuals. There is some internal evidence in the statistics that this has taken place. The incomes from rents, interest, and dividends reported by individuals having incomes of $50,000 and upwards were only 10 percent larger in 1923 than in 1922; but those with incomes of less than this figure showed an increase from $4,800,000,000 to $7,000,000,000 in the amounts derived from these sources. In fact the lion's share of the increase went to persons with incomes of less than $10,000. Out of a total increase amounting to $2,300,000,000 for all persons reporting, those with incomes of less than $10,000 had $1,800,000,000.

The statement that money is being diverted from productive industry, and that industry is being handicapped for investment funds in consequence, finds no support in the facts which appear in the Treasury publications. The incomes from property have not declined in the upper income ranges, and they have increased by leaps and bounds in the middle-class incomes. Some few rich individuals may be lodging their incomes from property in corporations which they have organized for the purpose, and a few others may be taking refuge in tax-exempt securities. But no industrial society in which the income from rent, interest, and dividends reported for tax purposes rises from $5,900,000,000 in one year (the highest year ever reached up to that time) to $8,200,000,000 in the next, and then continues to advance from that point, can be suffering seriously from a paucity of funds for productive industry.

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# Worse Than a Crime

SITTING quietly on my New Hampshire hillside in the past two months, I have been trying to coördinate in some fashion my impressions of Germany, the impressions, I think I may say, of one who has been consistently and pretty decidedly pro-Ally in all the past eleven years. Yet more and more as I reflect upon these impressions, I find myself at variance with the policies which at the present hour prevail in Allied quarters.

The outstanding circumstance in the German mind today is unmistakably the sense of persecution and of hardship due to Allied bad faith. You may, if you choose, set this fact down to the peculiar and particular blindness or even to the moral infirmity of the German, but there is the fact. I cannot calculate how many times and in how many different ways Germans, not by any means violent or extremists, said to me, "We are being swindled."

Given the fact—and to me it seems a fact—that taken as a people the Germans have suffered more than any other in the past ten years, that this suffering has been practically universal; and given the further fact that to the physical suffering there has been added very real misery due to the moral isolation of the country, an isolation which exists to the present hour, still continuing to put educated Germans, the whole intellectual class, outside the pale—so far as the Allied world is concerned—it is plain what this sense of persecution must lead to in the end.

It is true, of course, that a certain type of German, mainly the war profiteer type, has since the War overflowed all the Continent. These have contributed much to preserving the prejudice against the German which is a natural consequence of the War and, possibly, to reviving some of the pre-war prejudice. But one must balance this detail by reckoning in the whole scholarly world, which was accustomed to travel a little and to correspond a great deal with their colleagues beyond German frontiers. Not only has this class been plunged in the most abject misery, but to the misery is added the consciousness that the world regards the German, irrespective of class, type or personal character, as a pariah.

That ceaseless industry and effort directed by many Germans, belonging largely to the class which I have just cited, to establishing German innocence so far as exclusive war guilt is concerned, seems at close range less a political than a moral undertaking. I confess that before I went to Germany it seemed to me only a part of a campaign to escape reparations. That there was this political purpose in certain minds is not impossible, but in my judgment the phenomenon is largely explicable as the desperate effort to demonstrate that the position Germany now occupies in the world is not deserved, that the moral isolation of Germans is unwarranted by any honest examination of war responsibilities.

I do not desire to give the impression that I share the German view as to war responsibilities; I am trying to deal objectively with a state of mind which I found everywhere. A whole new generation is coming on the scene in Germany, and this new generation has very acutely the sense of injustice, of persecution, a very deep-seated feeling that Germany is being victimized and the very dangerous double consciousness of present weakness and eventual strength.

Moreover, the gravest immediate danger, as I see it, lies in the steady succession of incidents which give confirmation to the German mind of its own conviction. Last fall, following the London Conference, where the Dawes Plan was adopted, there was a real if temporary lift in the German situation. For the first time the representatives of Germany had been permitted to speak as equals in an international gathering, and this circumstance alone explained the adoption of the Plan by the Reichstag.

The more moderate men in public life, who were responsible for the adoption of the plan—men like Luther, the present Chancellor, and Schacht, the head of the Reichsbank, who had performed the miracle of the rentenmark, justified the plan itself by the assurance that it marked the end of one phase and the beginning of a new, that it was the first sign that Germany was to be permitted to recover, that she was at last to escape from the status of a conquered nation.

Much, if not all, of this gain was almost immediately lost when the Allies failed to evacuate the Cologne area. Had they said frankly that it was impossible for technical military reasons to go before the evacuation of the Ruhr, which was fixed for August, there would have been little trouble, for the Germans preferred to see the British stay in Cologne until the French were out of the Ruhr. But the Allies said nothing; then they seized upon the German failure to comply completely with the disarmament conditions of the Treaty of Versailles as a warrant for their prolongation of the occupation.

Now this course did two things: First of all, it convicted the Allies, in the minds of all Germans, of utter hypocrisy, since the Germans are satisfied that they are disarmed up to the limit. Secondly, and more serious in its consequences, it renewed all the old fear that France meant to stay permanently on the Rhine. It revived the passion which the Ruhr occupation had excited, and it contributed to increase the helplessness of those who were working for moderate solutions.

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But even more costly than the action was the manner in which it was taken. For months Germany was left without any official explanation of the reason why the evacuation was postponed. She was treated as if she were no more than a criminal awaiting sentence. And this once more fed the sense of injury, the belief in persecution. Thus the fashion in which the Allies conducted the whole operation could hardly have been more successful had it been planned in advance as a method of arousing German passion and weakening the very elements in Germany whose strength the Allies have every reason to increase.

As to the narrow issue of disarmament, there is little doubt of German violations, but there is also little question that there is a fairly definite point beyond which disarmament imposed from without cannot pass. And there is, after all, such a thing as moral disarmament, which is on the whole more important. What the Allies have done and are doing in my judgment is to multiply the moral armament of Germany tenfold, while decreasing the physical armament only an insignificant amount. If it were possible to disarm Germany and keep her disarmed, I suppose I am sufficiently Francophile to advocate it. But it is not possible, and what strikes me as the ultimate vice of the attempt is that it achieves precisely the end which it aims to avoid.

I do not venture to say that Germany will not, in the far future, constitute the same menace to world peace which I think she was in 1914, but such things as I could observe in my short stay in Berlin, such things as were said to me by men and women of very many different outlooks on life, satisfy me that there is only one chance now of escaping that danger, and that is winding up all the questions now at issue—such as disarmament, Allied occupations and outside control of Germany.

It was a Frenchman who said to me—"We must destroy Germany or make peace with her—and to destroy is an absurdity." That I think is the thing that impresses one most in Germany at the moment. Today the German mood is almost as dangerous to ultimate world peace as that of 1914, but the mood is one of deep passionate resentment accompanied by a sense of abject helplessness—which will not last.

I do not share the view of many liberals that it is necessary now to permit Germany to take the Polish Corridor or annex Austria, but I do find myself in perfect accord with them in advocating the end of the attempt to supervise the national life of Germany or prolong the occupation of German soil beyond treaty limits. Much of the German sense of persecution seems to me grotesquely unfounded, but the reality of the feeling and its universality are little short of appalling.

I do not find myself indignant over what has been said to Germany in the recent disarmament note. I do not see in it evidence of French chauvinism or British jealousy. It is doubtless legally sound, morally justifiable and humanly intelligible, but the difficulty is that, notwithstanding, it is palpably stupid, because while aiming to disarm it actually disarms only those who are striving to get Germany back to normal life again, who know that tranquillity is the supreme German need.

My own impression was of a Germany which wanted peace and at the moment at least was controlled by men who recognized that anything but peace would be madness; but it was also of a Germany which believed increasingly that no peace was possible, of a Germany more and more dominated by a delusion of persecution, of a Germany in which physical disarmament had reached the maximum but in which mental armament was mounting at an alarming rate. In this Germany, left to itself, Potsdam may overbear Weimar; but if it is not left to itself Potsdam and Weimar will fuse in a common cause.

The threats and bluster of the Junkers left me entirely cold, but looking backward at a distance, what stands out with increasing vividness is the deep, passionate, unmistakably sincere resentment of the men and women whose whole comment otherwise was moderate, reasonable, pacific—whose actions since the War, too, have been wholly consistent with the views they expressed to me with a frankness and readiness which left me in that respect their debtor.

FRANK H. SIMONDS.

## Preface to an Occasion

How witless to assail the cavern halls
Of memory! To climb the high stone steps,
Picking a foothold through the crisp, dry leaves
Whirled in the corners, crunching under foot
Those scattered in the centre, to clap at doors
With battered hauberk, till some seneschal,
Drowsy with age and oversleeping, creaks
Them open an inhospitable inch,
And, grumbling, lets himself be pushed aside
By a determined entrance! Where's the sense
Of striding by tarnished furniture from one
Mournful deserted chamber to another,
Seeking for roses in a vase of dust,
For tapestries where rusty armour hangs,
For blithe allurement under spider-spun
Ceilings corroded to a dripping ash?
What can you find here? A little powdered dust
To pinch up with your finger and your thumb
And fasten in a knotted handkerchief!
Look from the window, Friend, the sky is blue,
The leafless trees blow to a merry wind,
Your horse is tethered at the stairway's foot,
He twitches at the skipping of the leaves.
Pocket your handkerchief and ride away.
Was the trip worth while? I'll wager guinea gold
Within a week you'll wish you had not come,
And send your handkerchief knotted to the wash.
Life's the great cynic, and there's an end of that.

AMY LOWELL.

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# Our Emerging Business Aristocracy

ECONOMIC control, according to the text-books, is purely a matter of ownership. In the one-man enterprise that is assumed as a basis of reasoning in classical economics and in the variants of it that have entered into popular thinking, the owner is absolute monarch, doing what he wills with his own—within the limits of effective law—and the principle that decides what he wills is maximum profits. Economic society is conceived conventionally as an aggregate of such monarchies. Thus control is readily explained in terms of mechanistic economics. Money talks. And what it says is only *More Money*.

In the last decades, however, this simple explanation has come to appear inadequate. But for the tenacity of economic preconceptions the revelations of the New York State Commission investigating the insurance business, and still more the facts and analyses in Louis D. Brandeis's Other People's Money, would have shattered it beyond repair. The power over money, in present day conditions, is wielded by men who are not the owners of the majority or often of even a considerable minority of it. This is notoriously the case with the great insurance companies, banks and trust companies. It is coming to be more and more the case with other corporations. Judge Gary's sixty millions, more or less, is a relatively small stake in the $2,000,000,000 assets of the Steel Corporation. The hundreds of millions controlled autocratically by the Van Sweringens are mostly other people's money. We are accustomed to thinking of the Rockefellers as kings of the oil business, but President Teagle of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey asserted before a governmental investigating committee that he and his board controlled the company and were strong enough to defy the Rockefellers if necessary.

All this, it may be said by readers of legalistic minds, does not alter the fact of ultimate ownership control. The head of a great mutual insurance company holds his position by vote of the policy holders. President Teagle holds power by vote of the stockholders, and exclusively in their interest. They do indeed, according to pure theory.

Just so the chiefs of a democratic state act solely in behalf of the citizens, in theory. Whether they do so in practice, as every school child knows, depends on the effectiveness of popular control. It depends on the mechanism for holding elections, on the degree of enlightenment of the voters, on the energy of the voters in expressing their will. Where voting is unregulated, the electorate ignorant and apathetic, the machinery of publicity in the hands of the party in power, there is no sense in talk of popular control. Governments may be run by "strong men" or by cliques, non-hereditary aristocracies—or even, on occasion, hereditary aristocracies—and all that may remain of the democratic principle may be the right of revolution when conditions become intolerable.

In our great corporations, what degree of control can the stockholder actually exercise? He may vote in person at the main office of the corporation or by proxy. The whole machinery of publicity on the state of the corporation is in the hands of the existing administration. Inevitably the citizen in the corporate state is uninformed as to its affairs, except when a minority faction rises up with an energetic demand for a change in administration. Then the stockholder is bombarded by official and unofficial propaganda, and may exercise a choice in beliefs.

But whereas the citizen in the political state often shows a predilection for change for its own sake, the citizen in a corporate state fears change and in normal circumstances votes against it. Any threatened change is likely to have an immediately unfavorable effect upon stock quotations. The administration of the corporation often holds in its hands the power to force a slump in values, if necessary to discredit a party seeking to wrest away the control. Of course if the management becomes notoriously bad a majority of the stockholders might conceivably rise up in revolution. But it would be difficult to point to any recent instance of such an uprising.

True, shake-ups in corporation control are not infrequent. But anyone who examines the history of such shake-ups will find that they usually bear analogies rather to foreign intervention than to a popular uprising. Not the ordinary stockholders but some interest more powerful outside than inside the corporation brings on the change. A great bank or trust company, materially interested in the corporation, a powerful competitor with designs of its own, or even a raiding clique of great speculators may often unhorse a corporate administration. In each case the actual raiders derive as a rule most of their power from other people's money.

The late J. Pierpont Morgan astonished the conventional minded by declaring that character, not wealth, was the basis of credit. Substitute the words "economic control" for "credit," "personality" for "character," and the thesis presented here becomes identical with Mr. Morgan's. And the fact is, "credit" in the Morgan sense is merely control as a banker views it; "character" is force of personality. Our big business, whether financial, commercial or industrial, is controlled by personalities who secure power theoretically by the will of their constituents, but actually by virtue of their own capacity for making combinations, and who remain in power through prolonged periods because their constituents are unable to gauge their efficiency, and fear the penalties that go with change.

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Yet, it will be said, in the economic world the pressure of competition determines narrowly the margin of choice of personalities. The man who remains at the head must make the concern pay. True, but how much? Conceivably the U. S. Steel Corporation might make ten or twenty millions more under another management, but it makes enough to satisfy the stockholder, and how can he know that it might make more? Consolidated industry, though not often entirely safe against competition, enjoys a high degree of immunity from the rigorous competitive test. It may dip a little deeper, if it chooses, in the common dish of price-generated profits. It may on occasion follow the canon of magnificence in erecting monumental buildings that do not pay. It may plow profits under on soils that will never be very productive. It may afford a spoils system, instead of a strict merit system, in the selection of its higher personnel. A ship as huge as the Steel Corporation can maintain a vast growth of barnacles without being perceptibly slowed down.

Nobody doubts that there are plenty of barnacles on our corporate armada. But it is not my purpose to raise a presumption of inefficiency. I mention the known fact of barnacles only in refutation of the inherited notion that the laws of business are so rigorous as to exclude all motives but the profit motive, and to rob the corporate higher administration of all free will except the will to make maximum profit. The five or six hundred men who dominate our big business are free personalities, in the rigorous sense of the term.

I do not deny that in an ultimate sense big business is run for the benefit of the property owner. But the property owner has become inert, a roi fainéant, and an aristocracy of active personalities has taken the control into its own hands.

It is, to be sure, a self-made aristocracy, and business competence of a high order is its substitute for blue blood. But the kind of business competence involved is not mere command of the technical details of business, such as a school of business administration might successfully inculcate, but rather capacity for forming important personal combinations. The young man of vigorous person and irresistible address who was able on a sea voyage to combine the great J. P. Morgan into his small but hopeful scheme of life had the kind of business competence that draws a man toward the upper business heavens where mighty personalities exult and rage and rule.

But these great men grow old and inert, or die of the strokes a jealous Jove is always hurling at eminences. Whence come their successors? There is always someone next in line, someone who has been functioning as a vice-president, treasurer, or other high official, whose name has become familiar to the stockholder through annual and occasional reports. The Cæsar becomes the Augustus and a new Cæsar is pushed up, as in the happy days of the Roman Empire.

Where does the line begin which leads to the Cæsars and the Augustuses in our corporate empires? Somewhere near the bottom are two positions, equally miserable in pay, but one "growthy," the other leading toward anything but administrative power. Two applicants have been sorted out, one from the Key Society in Yale, another well equipped with shorthand, accounting practice, corporation finance and the technique of corporation presidencies from the Aquasuavis College School of Business. The chances are the Key man gets the "growthy" job, and if he stands up to it, moves steadily up the administrative ladder. The other man we need not commiserate. He may become an expert, highly paid, secure in his job even in the event of an administrative revolution. He may win high honor in his specialty, though excluded from the honors of discretionary control.

The picture I have drawn, of a body of forceful men dominating industry by virtue of personality rather than ownership of wealth, masters of the art of personal combinations, coöpting into their confraternity from time to time men of like gifts and dispositions, is of course more a forecast than a description of the present situation. Our economic aristocracy is in the state of becoming, rather than being. And yet it is enough in being to help to account for many phenomena otherwise puzzling.

Men who have reached high position within their own organization by practice of the art of combination will not find difficulty in applying the same art to relations with other organizations. We should expect the gentlemen's agreement, the tacit community of policy among independent corporations, to proceed with much greater facility. And the fact is, we do see this process of combination working with more and more smoothness and celerity. We should expect to see political powers combined in with the business powers, instead of being crudely bought up. This is exactly what we do see going on in America. Business and government are coming to be related like the two sides of a dollar. They are not identical, nor necessarily harmonious. But conflict is excluded.

Under the feudal system government and economic control were one. The commercial era began with the gradual creation of a business sphere independent of the feudal order. The business man rose and the baron sank until the business man picked up courage to snarl: "Laissez faire, morbleu, laissez faire!" He wanted to put government in its place, a place of empty honor, aloof from the flow of economic life. But he never quite succeeded. The political cliques were too powerful for the individualistic business man whose whole strength was money. The politicians taxed and plundered the business man, aiding him occasionally for a price, but more often merely letting him buy himself free from their persecution.

But the politicians have reason now to look to their defenses. It is no longer the individual busi-

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ness man, armed only with the purse, whom they will have to deal with. Instead, they will have to meet a body of administrators more skilled in personal combinations than any politician, and stronger with a purse full of other people's money than the strongest business men of old.

We hear more and more often the demand for a "business government." Perhaps we may come to live under such a government before the world is much older. Not that we shall see it. No doubt we shall still be trying to catch up on the Constitution when the lords of the business world are laying the adamantine but invisible foundations of a new political economic order athwart our ancient highways.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

# The People Against Dorothy Perkins

DOROTHY PERKINS was born and lived all her life at 26 Jane Street, between Greenwich and Eighth Avenues—one of those dingy red brick apartment houses characteristic of the lower West Side, with dark stairs, narrow halls and narrow windows obscured by black old-fashioned blinds of which many of the slats are missing. Her mother is an Irishwoman; her father is a carpenter whose addiction to drink has interfered with the practice of his trade. Dorothy went through public school, took a two months' course at a business school and in September, 1923, when she was fifteen years old, became a telephone operator. She was a pretty quick-witted red-haired girl, slight of figure but very tense and strong-willed and reputed to have a bad temper. When she was asked, in the course of her examination, why she had taken the revolver from her aunt's house, she replied that she had done it on impulse and when it was inquired whether she "always acted on impulse," she replied that "when she wanted a thing she usually got it"; her pastor described her in a letter to the judge as a "wayward" girl who "disregarded the tenets of the religion in which she was born" and "would not follow moral teaching." In the August of 1923 she began a love affair with a truckdriver of thirty-five known as Mickey Connors, who had a flat on the floor below her parents and often came to dinner with them. She used to run errands for him and one day he asked her into his room and offered her a drink which he said was soda-water but which turned out to be a highball. He appears to have threatened and maltreated her and she seems to have loved him fiercely. He had twice done time in jail, once for robbing the mails.

They broke off at the end of nine months for reasons which do not appear and Connors a month afterwards married a woman who had just been released on parole from a sentence for grand larceny. Connors moved up to One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street; and Dorothy began going about with a young brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad named Templeton, who had fallen in love with her and wanted to marry her. She had told him about Mickey Connors but that had not made any difference. In the second week of February, 1925, Mickey Connors left his wife, however, and came back again to Greenwich Village, taking a room in a house on Greenwich Street where an aunt of Dorothy's lived. About the same time, Dorothy, going to the theatre one evening with Templeton and some of their friends, showed them a revolver which she said she had taken from the house of an aunt in the country. They asked her what she was going to do with it and she replied that she was "the blonde-haired bandit." "Don't you know if you carry that gun," said Templeton, "you'll get us both into trouble?" Dorothy is said to have answered that she needed it to protect herself against Mrs. Connors. On the night of February 13, Dorothy went with Mickey Connors to the Fourteenth Street armory to attend a review of the Ninth Coast Artillery Regiment, of which both her father and Templeton were members. They met Templeton and he asked her to come to his company room, where there were dancing and refreshments, but she said she did not want to and Templeton became very angry: "If you want to see me any time," he challenged Connors, "I'm right here in Company F!"

The next night, the Perkins family gave a party in celebration of Mr. Perkins's birthday, which fell on St. Valentine's Day. Templeton called up early in the evening and asked if Dorothy would mind his coming, in spite of what had happened the day before, and she replied that she wouldn't. She then went out to Greenwich Street, where Connors lived, for the purpose, as she testified, of looking in on her aunt's baby, but according to the prosecution in order to urge Connors to come to the party—he is said to have protested that he was unshaved and she to have offered to get him a razor. This was about half past ten and when she got back the party was well under way. Everybody was drinking and dancing—the pianola was playing. Templeton was there with his brother and some of their friends, all of whom had been drinking before they came; and as soon as Dorothy appeared there was a movement to leave her and Templeton together and allow them to make up their quarrel. When they were alone Templeton demanded of her why she kept on going with Mickey Connors and she replied "because she wanted to." "Is it all over between us then?" he asked. "If you want to take it that way," she answered. "As things stand now, Tommy, you and I can never be happy. I could never be happy with one man while I was thinking of another." He

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said, "I'd give my two arms and my two legs, I'd give my life for you, Dorothy! But if we can't be sweethearts, let's be friends anyway." "We'll have a drink on it," she said. At this moment, Mr. Perkins interrupted the conversation: "What do you want with a bum like Connors," he cried, "when you have a nice fellow like Tommy? If Mickey Connors comes up here tonight, he'll go down with bullets in him!" "Last night when you were perfectly sober," she said, "you invited him yourself at the armory!" "I've changed my mind since," said her father. "That's a woman's privilege," said Dorothy.

She went to her bureau and took the revolver out: she was afraid her father would get hold of it, she said. He had had one that he wore at the armory, where he was a supply sergeant, but his family had taken it away from him for fear he would shoot it off in the house. At any rate, she went out of doors and, according to her testimony, walked up Jane Street with the intention of getting rid of the pistol, finally, however, coming back to the house without having done anything with it: she had had four glasses of gin and one of Scotch. There is a presumption, however, that she went to Connors and tried again to make him come to the party. When she returned she found Templeton and her father standing together in the hallway: they were calling Connors abusive names. "Keep Mickey Connors's name out of your mouths!" said Dorothy. Mr. Perkins, who was by that time very drunk, turned upon her and began to curse her for a slut and a loose woman. "You're to blame for all this, Tommy," she said, "having my father fight with me!" "Mickey Connors is yellow!" retorted Templeton, "he's got a rod (a pistol) and he's afraid to use it!" "I'll show you," cried Dorothy, pulling out her own revolver, "whether my friends are yellow!" "I'll kill you, you ——!" shouted her father, raising his hand to strike her. And Dorothy fired off the revolver, piercing her father's coat with the bullet and wounding Templeton in the heart. He fell to the ground and cried, "She's got me!" She threw herself upon his body and screamed, "Oh, I didn't mean to! I didn't mean to!" They bathed him in whiskey but he was dead. A scene of confusion and panic followed. Mr. Perkins fell upon Dorothy again: "I'll put you where you put him!" he shouted, and when Mrs. Perkins attempted to restrain him, he seized her by the throat and threw her against the wall. Dorothy finally escaped to her aunt's. When she had arrived, her uncle went downstairs and told Mickey Connors what had happened and he immediately returned to One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street. In the early morning Dorothy was arrested and cross-examined by detectives and policemen: she gave an account of what had occurred which is substantially the one I have followed.

She was confined in Jefferson Market Jail and her case did not come up till June. In the meantime, Mickey Connors had been sentenced to six months in the workhouse for "assaulting" his wife. Dorothy wrote him a letter in which, according to her account, she begged him to keep his wife from spreading scandal about her and then, when she received no reply, wrote him again to ask if he had got the first letter. She smuggled both these letters out of jail by women prisoners who were being discharged but the second one was intercepted and produced at the trial: it was signed "Lots of Love, Dot."

The Perkinses had no money and were unable to retain the kind of accomplished and influential criminal lawyer who could perhaps have got Dorothy acquitted. The attorney for the defense was Mr. Sidney Lash, who took no fee for his services and told the jury in the course of his summing-up that he had undertaken the case as a friend of the Ninth Regiment, in which he himself had served. Perhaps the prospect of playing a successful part in what promised to be a sensational trial may also have counted for something with Mr. Lash. But from my observation of him in the court-room, I should say that Mr. Lash, who is a Jew, is both intelligent and generous enough to have defended Dorothy for her own sake. During the last days of the trial, he appeared as harrowed and as anxious as the defendant herself. In any case, he prepared a defense of which the main feature was the repudiation of the story taken down the night of the shooting on the ground that Dorothy had at the time been hysterical and intimidated by the policemen and the substitution for it of a different account, to which Mrs. Perkins and other members of the family, as well as Dorothy herself, swore on the witness-stand, according to which Mr. Perkins had seized Dorothy by the hand as soon as he saw the revolver and while he and Mrs. Perkins were struggling with her it had gone off accidentally without its being possible to know who had pulled the trigger: the defense also sought to establish that Dorothy had taken the revolver in the first instance merely because Templeton had offered to give her shooting lessons.

At first sight, it would appear highly improbable that a jury could be induced to convict a seventeen-year-old girl—especially so attractive a one as Dorothy Perkins—under the circumstances which I have described. As I write, the State's Attorney in the case of Olympia Macri, who shot her betrayer as he was coming out of a moving-picture theatre and who was acquitted by eleven of her jurors, is moving for a change of venue on the grounds that public opinion in New Haven is so thoroughly prejudiced in her favor that a fair trial there will be impossible. But in Dorothy Perkins's case there appeared special elements which were doomed to operate against her. For, not only is Dorothy Perkins, for all her snub-nosed gamine type, the sort of girl that people fall badly in love with but she has also the sort of spirit and independent instinct which enrages them. Jury, judge and prosecutor alike

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were evidently agreed from the first moment they saw her that Dorothy Perkins was a "bad" girl; they not only resented her, they were perhaps even a little frightened by her. As one saw her at the trial, amid the flaccid clothes and the unfocussed American faces of the newspaper reporters, the spectators and the representatives of the law, beneath the massive trappings of the courtroom—the yellow panels, the plaster columns, the snarling copies of heraldic lions which had lost the conviction of the originals, the hemispherical wrought-iron chandelier like a gigantic old-fashioned mouse-trap and the American flag above the judge's desk hanging crooked and tarnished nearly black as if by many years of emanations from the criminal courts —her red-gold head and her pale little face, her slim figure in its plain black dress, seemed to burn the assemblage at a single point with an intensity of life. On the stand, drooping forward like some creamy flower on the strong little stem of her neck, facing the prosecutor with shadowed eyes, she met a whole day's severe cross-examination on an obviously fictitious story with extraordinary readiness, bravery, endurance, ingenuity and precision. Her answers were low-voiced but direct; her gestures few but definite—usually to brush back her bobbed hair. When the prosecutor made her stand up to show how the revolver had been held—her long broom-handle adolescent's arms making awkward angles against her black dress—feeling faint as she was made to pull the trigger—she had collapsed in court the day before after Connors had been put on the stand—she turned to the judge and asked him evenly for a few moments' recess so that she shouldn't stop the proceedings again. The recess was granted; after a short time she reappeared and the examination was continued.

But Dorothy's coolness had apparently no virtue to influence jurors in her favor. "She's a cold little proposition!" said one man in the audience to his neighbor, "a cold little proposition!" Nor was Mr. Lash, it appeared, the man to move them. In the first place, they had the example of the Court, who seemed to have adopted rather a markedly rigorous attitude toward the defense: so far as I remember, during the last three days of the trial, Judge McIntyre overruled all Mr. Lash's objections at the same time that he did not hesitate to sustain most of those of his adversary. As for the District Attorney himself, his well-bred irony at the expense of Mr. Lash was one of the most effective achievements of the trial. Criminal lawyers are like actors: they have to perform before an audience and each has a characteristic set of tricks calculated to appeal to the ordinary man. Mr. McDonald's game is gentlemanliness and affability and he has no difficulty in conveying an impression of these qualities in the Criminal Courts. He is a good-looking man, clean-shaven and well set up, with a robust and commanding presence, who comes into court every morning in a different and beautifully pressed suit; in the court-room, he is everybody's friend—he talks intimately with the judge, he makes the jury feel at home, he smiles charmingly at the women reporters and he puts his hand on the men reporters' shoulders: when bullying witnesses he brings into play a strikingly cultivated accent: he will say for example, "What time in the morning were you theah?" and "So you wanted to be a shootah, did you?"

Mr. McDonald's effect was indeed so overpowering that Mr. Lash when the time came for his summing-up felt obliged to warn the jury against it: the District Attorney, he said, was the fortunate possessor of a "suave manner" and a "pleasing personality" and he confessed that he found himself at a disadvantage by reason of his less prepossessing presence but hoped that this fact in itself would not prejudice them in favor of the prosecution. Then, with paroxysms of cumulative rhetoric, with salaaming gestures that almost bent him double, in a speech which contained some specious appeals and at least one passage of brilliance, he spoke of the flag of the "old Ninth Regiment" from which he had pledged himself to remove the stain and reminded the jurors that Our Lord had forgiven the woman taken in adultery. I do not know whether the jury believed in the passion of Mr. Lash's patriotism; but if they held the same opinions as a lady in the audience whom I heard discussing the speech afterwards, they must have rejected his Christianity: "I don't like a Jew like him," said this lady—one of the woman reporters, I think, "bringing in the Christian Jesus!" During Mr. Lash's speech, the District Attorney strayed urbanely about the room, joked with the reporters—apparently about the defense—and effectively diverted the attention of the auditors from one of the most desperate of Mr. Lash's exhortations by leaving the room by a long circuitous route which enabled him to talk to a great many people on the way and to linger for a parting pleasantry with one of the attendants at the gate. Judge McIntyre, who seems to have developed through long occupation of the Bench the sort of mountainous sedentary figure which is most imposing in a judge's robe, and who chewed something—whether chewing-gum or tobacco—throughout the latter sessions of the trial, walked to the window and stared out into Lafayette Street with an owlish gaze behind round spectacles: finally, he said, "You have been talking two hours and a half: I will give you fifteen minutes more."

When the District Attorney, however, began his speech, Judge McIntyre turned his chair around and listened with attention. Mr. McDonald, it should be said in justice to him, did not overdo the prosecution. The State had not been able to produce a single witness who had actually seen the shot fired but it was only necessary for the District Attorney to read from Dorothy's first statement to make plain the discrepancies from it of the second and the superior plausibility of the first. He urged that

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a verdict only of manslaughter should be brought in and suggested a sentence in the reformatory. The most the prosecution sought to establish was that Dorothy had fired the pistol off herself when she was drunk and in a fury, that she had been "mad enough to kill either her father or Templeton." He went on, however, to point out that the girl was given up to lies and deception, adducing as proof that she had smuggled her letters out of prison, "trying to get round the law!", that she had given her name at the telephone exchange as Connors and introduced Mickey to the girls there as her brother and finally that she had supported a tissue of lies on the witness-stand with a cunning almost diabolic. Dorothy had, however, made one fatal slip in her long cross-examination—she had said, "It was when my father had hold of me that I shot the pistol," afterwards correcting herself; and of this the State was able to make telling use. Finally, the District Attorney read the jury a passage from an editorial in the Daily News in which it was complained that "the administration of the criminal law in New York, especially where women were concerned, had become a scandal and a byword"; and at this point Mr. Lash objected. Judge McIntyre, however, retorted that the District Attorney was well within his rights, adding that the Court found itself in perfect agreement with the statement which the prosecutor had read. Mr. Lash, in the last ditch of repressed resentment, replied unexpectedly that he continued to object, not only to the prosecutor's statement, but to the Court.

When the summings-up were over, Judge McIntyre charged the jury not to allow considerations of the defendant's sex or youth to interfere with the justice of their verdict and the jurors withdrew to deliberate. In the course of these deliberations it appeared that four of the twelve citizens—all married and all the fathers of children—were in favor of finding Dorothy Perkins guilty of murder in the first degree and having her electrocuted. A compromise was arrived at, however, on manslaughter in the first degree. One man suggested a recommendation to mercy but the others rejected it. The verdict was delivered about midnight. The judge summoned Dorothy to the bar and fixed his eyes upon her a moment. Then he motioned for the attendants to stand behind her. When she saw him signal to the attendants, she knew that she had lost. He then asked the jury for their verdict and the foreman delivered it. Dorothy collapsed and the attendants caught her; Mr. Lash began slapping her wrists and tried to comfort her. "In view of the defendant's condition," said the judge, "I'll defer sentence till next Monday morning." They carried her out, moaning for her mother, who was in the hall but was not allowed to see her. She was really not unconscious, Dorothy explained afterwards, because she remembered hearing the clock chime midnight in the tower of the Tombs. The judge thanked the jury for their verdict and told them that "women had a tendency to shoot men and then come into court and depend on the sympathy of men jurors to free them—this may stop women shooting men," he added. He said also that "speaking in a general way, the trouble with the situation was nowadays that the crimes were committed by the younger set."

On Monday Dorothy received her sentence. And on that occasion Judge McIntyre amplified the thought which he had expressed at the previous session. "Women have done too much killing," he said, "and weaklings in the jury-box have set them free. It seems to me that women pick the counties in which to do their killing. Nassau, for instance, then Kings and now here in New York. It's not going to go with me! . . . In the first place, I want to say to this defendant that I feel very, very sorry for you. It is to be regretted that you stand here in the position you do, but you committed a heinous wrong. You lived a very bad life. I have received many letters concerning you. Very few sympathize with you. . . . You had from very early life meretricious relations with a married man. I regard him as a beast." He then brought forward a piece of information which, if it had been in the possession of the Court all along, might have been supposed to influence it in the direction of more rather than of less leniency and which, in any case, might have provided a key easily intelligible to the jurors for Dorothy's loyalty to Connors, so caustically denounced by the prosecution. "I have been told that the child in your aunt's house is your child." Dorothy shook her head in denial. "You are a girl, it is true, but women are not exculpated because of their sex. When a woman is bad," here he fixed the ladies in the courtroom, "she is as bad as a mortal being can be, more vicious than a man many times over. . . . I do not want to be hard on you, but I've got to punish you and, while doing so, I want to say that you have my heartfelt sorrow. I want to add that I am not going to give you the severest penalty provided by the law. . . . The sentence of the Court is that you be confined in Auburn Prison for a minimum term of five years and a maximum period of fifteen years. Take her away."

EDMUND WILSON.

## Night Of Unshed Tears

Skies have been bound with such pent airs.
The moon, that mad for brightness stares
Off the black bitter peak of night,
  That purest curving crystal even,
Which wasted to a horn trails light,
  Moves veiled and brooding over heaven;
With cloud like heavy waters flowing,
  And every burnished star sunk deep.
  But though the heavens be proud, they weep.
The heaven has wept and thou hast known
Orion, the round liquid moon,
  And all washt brightness showing.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

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# Washington Notes

I HAVE no inside information as to why Senator Underwood will retire from public life at the close of his present term; but those who ought to know accept it as an involuntary retirement. In making his decision he has probably shown his usual good sense. No one conversant with Alabama politics thinks he could possibly be renominated next year. The plain fact is that the opposition is driving him out of the Senate. His position is in no way analogous to that of either John Sharp Williams or Robert Owen.

For years the forces against Underwood in Alabama have been gaining in strength and intensity—the drys, the Klan, organized labor and the female voter. At one time or another he has antagonized and fought all of these elements. In 1921 he had a narrow escape from defeat. This time it would be inevitable. His best friends know it.

Nor did Mr. Underwood's candidacy for the Presidential nomination last year increase his strength or enhance his prestige. It was a mistake to have run and the net result must have been mortifying to him as a man as well as depressing to him as a politician. It was the more surprising in that there was more money back of the Underwood pre-convention campaign than any of the others. In comparison with the money spent and the money available, the results were pitiably meagre. The manner in which the Underwood campaign flattened out and the difficulties he had in clinching even his own state were unmistakable signs that his public career was close to an end. Had he made a good showing it would have gone a considerable way toward restoring his political health locally. But it did not work out that way and the collapse of his effort greatly elated and encouraged his Alabama enemies.

It is a pity. Whatever you may think of Senator Underwood's political creed or however much you may object to his inherent, incurable conservatism and dislike his reactionary record it must be conceded that he is a man of the highest personal character, strong intellectual attainments and entirely free from demagogic taint.

In all probability the forces that drive him out of the Senate will put in his place another of the type of Southern Statesman which does so much to pull down the general average in the Senate and incidentally still further weaken the Democratic party. For example, the new Senator from South Carolina—the Hon. Cole Blease. One Blease in the Senate is more than enough. My greatest fear is that Alabama will replace Underwood with one of his type.

It seems to have escaped notice in the newspapers that William Randolph Hearst, accompanied by Brother Brisbane, lunched at the White House with the President a few days before the latter left for his summer vacation. Some time ago I commented on the fact that the President had had Mr. Brisbane as one of his weekend guests on the Mayflower. The lunch to Mr. Hearst followed that trip. The only real effect I can imagine coming from this unprecedented Presidential intimacy with Mr. Hearst and Mr. Brisbane is a still further cooling of Mr. Coolidge toward the World Court proposal. From a casual reading of their papers it is obvious that the one big object of the Hearst-Brisbane team is to knock in the head any coöperation or contact in any way or at any time between this country and the rest of the world. The mere suggestion of joining the World Court arouses them to a fighting frenzy reminiscent of earlier days and other issues. Their personal contact with Mr. Coolidge is as significant as their newspaper support of him. Nor is it without significance that very recently Mr. Brisbane has declared that it will be time enough to talk about a third term for Mr. Coolidge after he has been reëlected in 1928. Such reëlection Mr. Brisbane thinks is the most probable thing in politics today. On the whole I am inclined to agree with him.

Two abler and more persuasive fellows than Mr. Hearst and Mr. Brisbane would be hard to find. Collectively the pair would make an impression on anyone with whom they talked. Doubtless they did on Mr. Coolidge. I have reason to think they presented their views on the advantages of complete isolation and if they did it was done in a way to make an impression.

My advice to the really sincere advocates of the World Court who recently took public issue with Senator Borah, chiding him for his opposition and denouncing his substitute plan as evasive and insincere, is to let Senator Borah alone and concentrate on Mr. Coolidge. He is the really vital man so far as they are converned and if I were in their place I should be rather apprehensive about these yachting trips and luncheons with Brisbane and Hearst, the two most powerful and effective foes of the World Court idea in the country. At no time has Mr. Coolidge burned with zeal over the proposal. He is for it as a matter of expediency and because his predecessor was for it and it was endorsed by two Republican platforms. But personally it is not a matter that stirs his pulse. With Borah leading the irreconcilables in the Senate its only chance for approval by that body is through a determined, enthusiastic and uncompromising fight by the President. There are no indications that he intends to make that sort of fight. There are some indications that he does not so intend. The leaders of thought who are assailing Mr. Borah should build a little fire under Mr. Coolidge. He needs warming up on this subject.

The plain purpose of the Republican management is to make so much noise over tax reduction in the next session of Congress that it will be impossible to arouse any real public interest over tariff revision. The recent statement of Chairman Green of the House Ways and Means Committee repulsing the suggestion made in the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce that tariff rates be lowered in order to enable our foreign debtors to pay us makes the thing unanimous so far as the administration is concerned. Green has thus declared himself in accord with Smoot and the President.

The drive is to be made on taxes and not a hair of the head of a single tariff schedule is to be touched.

It is however doubtful whether the thing is as simple as that. The Democrats, keyed up with the hope of capturing the next House, are sure to assail the tariff rates and are equally sure to have assistance from Republicans representing Middle and far Western states. How far they will get in such a fight is hard to say but I do know that data are now being gathered and prepared for the Democratic barrage and that the idea is to have this in such shape that it will be more understandable, and consequently more effective, to the average housewife than ever before.

If retail food prices continue mounting as they have in the last six months she may be in a mood to appreciate the anti-tariff arguments. Any woman who keeps house will tell you it is costing more now than at any time since the War.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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# "Service"

WRITING about Mr. Bruce Barton's The Man Nobody Knows, a few weeks ago, I was so impressed with the obvious aspects of the book that some of its more remote implications escaped me. The first judgment of the book is that the author is a man so fanatic about American business that he must reduce his Savior to the terms of the executive and organizer and go-getter. He presented, in effect, a Rotarian Jesus, for the edification of Rotarians.

The weak point in the argument—that Jesus preached the service of humanity and that this exhortation has resulted in the American idea of "Service" as the divine end toward which all business moves—was so emphasized that you felt instinctively that there was something wrong. Without it, of course, the whole reading provided by Mr. Barton falls to the ground, and although he labors it manfully, he somehow fails to persuade you that a Buick Service Station is a temple of the Lord. But what exactly is the false point? American business does provide service to an unusual and satisfying degree. You may be entitled to a year's repairs free of charge for your motor car, or a completely new Ingersoll watch, or the repeated visits of the vacuum cleaner expert who sold you his wares, "just to see if you are satisfied" or even to provide you with a new attachment put on the market after you had bought yours. These are extremely agreeable standards of business activity, and even if they do not actually make business more human, they provide you with sources of confidence and make your dealings easier. In the course of time we will expect this sort of service with everything we buy; at least fifteen years ago a Philadelphia men's outfitter (I think it was Perry & Co.) used to offer with every suit purchased a tailoring service, pressing your suit as often as once a week for a year, or longer. There is no reason why our shoes should not be polished, our pianos tuned, by those who first sold them to us. It might even be economical.

But the moment the greatest of these becomes charitable, in our modern sense, we shall resent it. The driver of a motor car feels himself entitled to the service which was as much in his purchase price as the carburetor. He is even entitled to expect a service station at frequent intervals along his road, because that, too, was offered him—if not in his bill of sale, in the advertising which preceded the sale. He has, in short, paid for "service." And now, reversing, we find that the American business man has been paid, that he has given nothing. The sheer immense pressure of competition has driven him to offer service in addition to good wares; the same pressure has forced him to advertise, and actually to give, "service with a smile." It does not detract from Mr. Statler's acuteness of commercial vision to say that his motto, the guest is always right, is good business. But to suggest that his hotels are based on a sheer love of humanity is ridiculous, and a little insulting.

Am I taking too close a view of the term service? Mr. Barton, its great disciple, notes that long after the clerks have departed from the office of Standard Oil and J. P. Morgan, you can see lights burning in the rooms of the executives; they are, you assume, planning more and better service to humanity. Mr. George Perkins is annoyed when young men ask him to use his influence to get them better jobs or raises in pay; he himself never in all his years of service thought of his salary! While youngsters play poker in Pullmans, Charles E. Hughes scans a brief, and I suppose one cannot doubt that it was service to humanity (or perhaps to the rights of small nations) that made Mr. Schwab present the Allies with so many tons of steel. It would be ridiculous to point out that this is bunk of the first order, were it not for the circumstance that the chatter about service does American business a real disservice. I mean that trivial and vulgar as Mr. Barton's report of Jesus of Nazareth was, his report on American business was equally misleading, equally tainted. American business is actually more honest, more worthy of respect, than he makes it out with his cant of service and indifference to making money, and if American business ever does succumb to a Y. M. C. A. morality, it will lose a virility and charm which are really precious.

I say it is respectable although I am not ignorant of its depravity, because in the long run it does work on the basis of value received; because it neither offers nor expects something for nothing; because it holds, it is gradually being forced to hold, to the fixed price. I should not mind finding a hundred thousand dollars in the street, but in my dealings with my fellow men I expect nothing of the sort, and it irritates me to be told that the man I am paying for his work loves me. A pox on his love if I do not love him. In its commercial aspect, in the business of distributing and vending, America works always on the sensible and acceptable basis of giving and receiving equal value. At the same time, on the side which approaches creativeness American business is ruthless as artists should be, and notably imaginative. The private vice turns out to be the public gain in great industrial enterprises, in railroads and reservoirs, in inventions and discoveries; and as these are one step removed from direct selling to the public they are conducted with tremendous energy and carelessness of conventional morals. The individual captains of industry of a decade ago may have been small stuff; but they fought cannily and craftily and immorally for their gain. They were good Christians, but not in business.

I hesitate to believe that any great change has come, and all the brotherhood of the Rotarians, all the nobility of service, all the multi-millionaires working after five-thirty, do not constitute proof. In fact they are, if anything, proof the other way. I am aware that Nietzsche's classification of Master- and Slave-morality is nowadays discredited; I do not believe in great, far-reaching, subtle, and hidden conspiracies—which always turn out to be Ku Klux Klans. Yet the notion that the Rotarians are the slaves, and that the masters look on with a pitying smile, persists. You do not need subtlety for this sort of thing; the slaves seek each other out and glory in their slavish morality. The humble and the unhappy create themselves imaginary compensations in their mystical treasures and their simple lives and their cheap rewards hereafter, and the small business man, without the imagination or the cruelty to become a great financier, consoles himself with his brotherhood of hardware dealers and his service to mankind. These Boy Scouts of business do a dirty trick a day if they can get away with it, but it is a small trick, and not a corner in the market. And in the aggregate they provide an army of contented cows for the energetic and the un-Christian to milk.

When Mr. Ford says that no man who set out to make a great fortune ever succeeded, and that the men who did succeed had always the idea of doing something, or making something, of value, he is translating the profound statement that he that saveth his life shall lose it. Years ago Mr. Ford certainly had the American pleasure in ingenuity

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which has successfully displaced the pride of the craftsman; but one suspects the even comparative disinterestedness of some other American millionaires who saved and lost their lives. You can make money by juggling stocks or by usury, and it is envy and hypocrisy which makes us believe that money so made brings no happiness, ever. It is, precisely, part of the slave morality so insistently taught us, to believe that we must serve in order to be happy; it may be a humanly true morality, but it works out with surprising regularity to the advantage of our masters. They speak warm words of praise for the servers who do not get in their way; they speak of the emptiness of riches, the vanity of earthly conquests. And they would be a little more persuasive if they did not cling so obstinately to their work and their wealth, if they fought less tenaciously to preserve themselves against those who attack them. But the Rotarians believe them, and that is all that is required.

One has to remove a pace from official morality to know that the making of great fortunes, and giving them away, is more decent if it is done without hypocrisy, and enjoyed without regret. We spend our years trying to get rich, and failing in middle life we declare that wealth is immoral and its satisfactions vain. Out of our disappointment we create new forms of activity; and since we are neither artists nor aristocrats, our forms are slavish. But when anyone tells us that Christ was one of us, we can at least remember that for his service, and for his brotherhood, he went willingly to crucifixion.

GILBERT SELDES.

## First Night Alone

He locked the window
  And lighted a candle,
Setting it where it would show him the edge
  Of the door, and the handle.

Then to the barn
  At an even pace . . .
Though once in the driveway cobwebs dangled
  And blanched his face.

The garden again.
  He looked to his light.
No other thing in the world was so firm
  As that tapering white.

Now on the path,
  Once more his eyes
Turned to the quiet warm curtains—boy,
  That wasn't so wise!

Between the two fringes
  A circle of hair!
Parted, as if a dead finger of chalk
  Had descended there.

The top of a head!
  Who bends to the flame?
Drinks it, and vanishes, leaving the walker
  All night to his shame:

Afraid to go forward,
  Afraid to go back;
Afraid of his window, that once was so empty . . .
  And now so black. . . .

MARK VAN DOREN.

## Apocryphal Soliloquies

Goliath:

See the dazzled stripling stand,
Naked as an empty hand—
And here am I, a clanking mass
Blotting out the yellow grass
With a body only sent
For the world's astonishment:
Arms as great as monstrous boughs
Where no bird would dare to house,
Fingers like some poisonous growth
Even jungle-beasts must loathe,
And a goggling head awry
Like a black moon in the sky. . . .
Here I wait, uneagerly
For the child that faces me,
Frightened by my length of limb—
And the clean, young grace of him
Unaware that cheek and brow
Taste their last of sunlight now.
Oh, that it were I, not he!
Oh, that God would take from me
This power only schooled in harm
And send it through that puny arm
With such a fire that it might well
Break through this hugely rotting shell. . . .
But there will be no miracle.
There is no help. Young David, fly!
I am destruction's demon, aye,
Too sick to live, too strong to die.

David:

And there he looms, no more defiant
Than any hill. So that's a giant!
This is the thing that should alarm me
More than the sight of hell's own army
Commanded by its master devil.
But this—why this is nothing evil!
Its eyes are cow's eyes, it looks civil,
A thing that only babes could fear. . . .
But I—what am I doing here?
What part have I, the least of shepherds,
Among these hungry spears and scabbards?
What! Have I tended sheep and cattle
Only to lead the wolves to battle?
Am I possessed of howling demons
That I should seek the blood of humans?
God, take this madness out of me.
Give me my pastures, let me be—
Far from this clash of words and weapons—
Where nothing cries and little happens
Save when a star leaps from the heavens
Or a new rush of song enlivens
The heart that beats in balanced measures,
Unshaken by more passionate seizures.
See, I will fling this silly pebble
High in the air and end my trouble
And pluck harp-strings again till they
Charm every darker thought away. . . .
Come, old Goliath, come and play!

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## Rubber and Cotton

SIR: Knowing the independence of your publication, I have been looking forward to see what comments you might have to make on the rubber question. In your June 10 issue I find you treated this with characteristic fairness, except that it does not seem to have been in the writer's mind that for many years the average pre-war price of rubber was above that which is now so much complained of.

When the world was mainly dependent on Brazilian rubber, up to 1914, the price ranged much above the present level, being a few years before the War over $1 per pound as a year's average. This was when plantation rubber was negligible in amount, and Brazil supplied by far the bulk of the requirements. So far as regards the recent restrictions on the amount produced in British colonies, it is well to bear in mind that owing to excessive production, far beyond the world's requirements previous to the making of balloon tires, the price of rubber fell so much below pre-war level of normal prices that it would make a parallel if cotton is thought of as falling from its average pre-war level to less than two and a half cents per pound, or about one-tenth of its price today. The plain fact is that contemporaneously with rubber steadily falling after 1913, cotton was rising enormously, and now stands at about 100 percent over pre-war average, while rubber, even at the recent heavy advance, is well below pre-war level, and when restrictions on output were imposed it was as ruinously low as would cotton be if it had fallen correspondingly.

Referring to your statement that it costs about 17 cents per pound to produce rubber, it would be necessary to ascertain whether that figure, or even the 30 cents spoken of as showing a good profit, allows for amortization of trees and many other considerations. That rubber even at 80 cents and over, prior to the War, did not promote its growth in American tropical possessions would seem to indicate that prices then were considered reasonable and did not make rubber-growing attractive to American capital in American territory. I am in no way interested other than as one who endeavors to get at basic facts when any such question arises, and in this case I happened to think of the Statistical Abstract of the United States, and on referring to page 588 I was confronted with the figures I have mentioned, which do not seem to bear out the construction which the press with singular unanimity has put upon the report recently issued by the Department of Commerce, the newspaper items indicating that the British are penalizing American users of rubber for the purpose of raising money to pay the debt owing to America. I have not been able as yet to obtain a copy of the Department's report, but feel every assurance that it cannot contain what looks to me a manifest absurdity. How would it be possible for the British government to carry out any such program?

It can hardly be supposed that they would piratically seize rubber produced by private owners in British colonies, and hand it over to the United States as piratical loot toward payment of debt. The only connection between the price of rubber and the payment of Great Britain's debt would seem to be such amount of extra revenue as can be obtained from the regular amount of tax on profits obtained on rubber owned by companies or individuals resident in Great Britain. Higher prices of rubber will certainly bring in some extra revenue by reason of the industry showing profits as against what must have been very heavy losses during the prevalence of prices far below cost—losses which have benefited the pockets of users of rubber throughout the world, America being by far the greatest beneficiary. Any revenue the British government can get from profits on rubber must of necessity be no different from revenue the United States may obtain from profits of, say, the cotton-growers. The price of cotton is about 100 percent above the average pre-war level for a period of ten years—while the bitterly assailed present price of rubber is actually below the pre-war average level, as against cotton being about 100 percent above such corresponding level. In my judgment the handling of this subject in the news items of the daily press, and many of the editorials, has been distinctly unfair, and the unanimity of the presentment of the case is strange in the light of the facts shown in the Statistical Abstract for 1923. Looking for editorial comment that would be a useful guide for arriving at a fair estimate of this rubber question, the only ones I have seen that questioned the connection between rubber prices and debt-paying were by the Journal of Commerce and the Evening Sun, yet even these informative comments and fair statements of the facts failed to embrace the special point I have here emphasized as to the current price of rubber being below pre-war level, while almost all other raw materials are so very much higher than before the War.

It is amazing why Mr. Firestone should advertise as to the penalizing of American users of rubber by rubber producers, when till quite lately he was able to buy at so far below pre-war prices, and below the actual cost of production. Why did not rubber manufacturers coöperate with growers to prevent such a disastrous collapse in prices as to imperil any growing of rubber at all? Why blame anybody for prices having now got nearly back to pre-war figures, when practically all other raw material—especially cotton—is so much above the level before the War?

I hope you may consider that this letter presents ground for investigation, easily made on the basis of the survey of the Department of Commerce, which I feel must of necessity be fair. I now feel equally sure that news items in the daily press—as well as many editorials—have not presented the case in a manner for the public to get a fair and just view. There is nothing more inimical to the cause of world peace than creating national prejudices in matters of trade; it is for this reason that I feel this rubber question is important, seeing it has been treated as a national matter.

CHAS. MCCLURE.

New York, N. Y.

## The Church on War

SIR: Quite evidently we can hope for very little from the churches on the momentous questions of militarism and war, as long as Christian people—and especially Christian preachers—are wavering, unsteady, and equivocal in their attitudes on these questions.

The action of the Southern Presbyterians, in their recent sixty-fifth annual session held in Lexington, Ky., May 25-29, is a very good example of the state of mind of many churchmen. Early in the session a resolution was offered by the Reverend D. P. McGeachey of Decatur, Georgia, which read that "the assembly go on record as being opposed to war as a method of settling disputes between nations." This resolution was then docketed without debate.

The author of the resolution brought the matter up, however, on the last afternoon of the session. After a debate on an amendment to change the word "war" to "aggressive war," the resolution was adopted in its original form by a vote of 50 to 33. One might suppose that this statement was sane and safe enough for the most conservative body of churchmen, and that the matter might have been dropped with the passing of such a truistic resolution.

The case was, however, quite different. Several commissioners jumped to their feet to go on record as having voted against such a "red" and "radical" resolution. After passing a vote to reconsider the whole matter, the assembly was presented with a new resolution by Dr. W. L. Caldwell of Nashville, Tenn., who felt that the first resolution would put the assembly in the "awfully" compromising position of being open to charges of "pacifism."

"Be it resolved," this new resolution read, "that the assembly put itself on record as favoring every worthy effort to secure the peace of the world." The statement producing the greatest impression on the crowd of commissioners was made by a preacher who stated he had had four sons in the late war: "Every man has to fight some time; the same is true of nations." That such a crude—as well as false—analogy could make such a crowd give the speaker a great ovation, is evidence of the level on which even the average country-town and backwoods preacher thinks of the matters of war and militarism.

The latter resolution was finally passed, without a record vote. The whole affair was one a bit farcical and yet a bit pity-evoking. Such a "well-balanced" statement reminds us of Artemus Ward's old partner in the show business, whose name was Billson:

"Billson," says I, "you hain't got a well-balanced mind." "Yes, I have, old hoss-fly," he says (he was a low cuss), "yes, I have. I've got a mind that balances in any direction the public rekwires, and that's what I calls a well-balanced mind."

We might suggest for future sessions that the assembly pass reso-

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lutions to the effect that it is in favor of all worthy efforts to further the highest ideals of womanhood, to further better government, to reduce crime, to neutralize hypocrisy. Above all, they might well go on record as "favoring every worthy effort to make people a little less sophomoronic than they are at present." And—lest my motive be misunderstood—may I state that I am a humble school teacher, a Presbyterian, and a faithful adherent to the Volstead Act and the parking law for flivvers?

LEWIS L. MCKIBBEN.

Lexington, Ky.

## The Workers' Education Convention

SIR: In your issue of April 29 there appeared two unsigned editorials about the action taken at the Fourth National Convention of the Workers Education Bureau held in the city of Philadelphia on April 17, 18 and 19 which are so misleading that I should like to have the privilege of presenting the facts as to what actually happened.

In the first place, you state that under the constitution as revised at this convention "membership will be confined to unions affiliated with the A. F. of L. and to educational enterprises sponsored by them." This is not the fact. The constitution specifically provides that "all trade unions and labor organizations not dual or seceding in character shall be eligible to membership. There are, as you must know, a number of independent and well established unions which are not in the A. F. of L., such as the four Brotherhoods that are eligible for admission. Indeed, we have been providing three of the four Brotherhoods with a regular educational service for months, and have urged them to undertake active affiliation with the Bureau on an equal basis with all the other national and international unions. By the same token, educational enterprises sponsored by such trade unions would be equally eligible to membership in the Bureau.

In the second place, you state that "the representation of the international unions has been enlarged at the expense of the local unions and faculty and students who conduct the educational work." This also is not the fact. The Executive Committee was increased in size to give representation to the fifty national and international unions which are now in active affiliation with the Bureau. Local unions, which have representation through the national and international unions to which they belong, are, along with State Federations and Central Bodies, entitled to an additional representative as such on the Executive Committee. Faculty and students, who under the provision of the new constitution outnumber in convention the representatives of unions almost three to one, are given representation as such on the Executive Committee. Indeed, a comparison of the composition of the old and new Executive Committee reveals that there is no difference whatsoever in the number of representatives of study classes and trade union colleges.

In the third place, the Bureau has not foregone "the possibility of becoming an inclusive clearing house for all experiments in workers' education." Our inquiries and information to groups all over the country have increased greatly both in volume and in the variety of experiments.

In the fourth place, the officials of the A. F. of L. have *not* refused to share with organizations outside of the A. F. of L. the services of the Bureau. They have encouraged such services as I have enumerated to such independent unions as the railroad brotherhoods.

I shall appreciate your courtesy in presenting these facts to your readers.

SPENCER MILLER, JR.

New York, N. Y.

[Mr. Miller points out that (1) independent unions recognized by the American Federation of Labor are admitted to membership in the Bureau; (2) much the same services are extended to affiliated and to non-affiliated groups. However, affiliated groups only are eligible to representation in the Convention; thus a number of types of workers' classes and labor organizations are excluded from participation in determining the general policies of the Bureau.

The Executive Committee formerly consisted of ten members elected at large by the Convention. Now representation of organizations as such is introduced. Out of eleven members, three representatives are assigned to the national or international unions, and three are appointed by the President of the A. F. of L. This fact, together with the A. F. of L. levy, which now largely finances the Bureau, signifies an important change in status from a private to an officially sponsored organization.—THE EDITORS.]

## The Attic Groves of Nantucket

SIR: Your readers may be interested in knowing of the plans for the current year at the School of Opinion on Nantucket Island, Mass., during July, August and September. Understanding Ourselves, Understanding America, Understanding Civilization are the intriguing titles of this year's round table discussions. The Socratic phrase "Know Thyself" is the key to this school of human understanding which for four years has gathered a group of thinkers to indulge their enthusiasms, ideas and opinions about the world we live in, where the whalers harvested their catch seventy-five years ago.

The speakers include Sinclair Lewis, Fannie Hurst, Waldo Frank, representing fiction; Bruce Bliven, Herbert B. Swope, Dr. André Siegfried of Paris, on social topics; Prof. John B. Watson, behaviorist, Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, and Dr. L. Pierce Clark, psychoanalysts; Everett Dean Martin of the People's Institute, Prof. Harlow Shapley, the Harvard astronomer, Prof. Arthur Schlesinger, the Harvard historian, Harry W. L. Dana of the New School for Social Research; Prof. Harold Rugg of Teacher's College, Rennie Smith, M.P., England, and Prof. E. W. Morehouse of the University of Wisconsin.

FREDERIC C. HOWE.

Siasconset, Nantucket, Mass.

## The Newer Spirit

SIR: In reference to Mr. Waldo Frank's careful and illuminating review of my book The Newer Spirit in the June 24 issue of the New Republic perhaps I may be permitted the space for several brief reflections. One does expect of a reviewer, regardless of prejudice or incompetency, a certain precision and caution of statement. And when Mr. Frank so scintillatingly observes that in the essay Art, Science and the Quantitative Conception, I declare that "to say 'red' is sentimental and bourgeois, but to say 'range of wave-lengths between 7600 Angstroms' is truthful and proletarian," I am slightly prone to ask whether Mr. Frank ever read the essay at all or whether his remark is merely proof of a general looseness and inaccuracy of judgment. If Mr. Frank will note in this essay, which is an abstract discussion of the problems of the qualitative and quantitative, a single mention of the words "proletarian" and "bourgeois," a single phrase from which one could imply that to say "red" is bourgeois and to say "range of wave-lengths between 7600 Angstroms and 6400 Angstroms is proletarian," the world—at least America—might be inspired to proclaim him its new literary Cagliostro.

With such competent distortion of statement to begin with, the rest of the review scarcely deserves serious consideration. "Scratch the surface of a Gompers and a Judge Gary and you will find one cultural spirit. Under the skin, our radicals have no concepts and no values beyond the materialism of their foes." It is quite amusing that Mr. Frank should have chosen Gompers as an example of the radical spirit. Of course, in all honesty, it should be admitted that to Mr. Frank Gompers unquestionably was a radical. It is simply that Mr. Frank knows nothing at all about the revolutionary movement that makes it possible for him so näively to announce his ignorance.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Frank cannot recognize the difference between the "other-worldly" treatment of the workingman in The Dialogues of Buddha and the New Testament and the "this-worldly" treatment of the workingman in the works of Whitman, Hardy, Anderson, Toller, Ivanov. And more unfortunate that he cannot distinguish between the ethics of the Talmud and the social determinism of Freud and Ferri. And most unfortunate that he forgot that Petronius and Rabelais in their attitudes toward sex "were unfettered of bourgeois prejudice"—because they did not have a bourgeois dominancy to fetter them.

V. F. CALVERTON.

Baltimore, Md.

## The Long and the Short of It

SIR: I want to be among the first few hundred to call Mr. Robert Littell's attention to the fact that he mixed Weber with Fields in his otherwise very trenchant comment on these performers in the July 1 New Republic.

Joe Weber is the "small round version of the grotesque," while it is Lew Fields who is "angular and hurried"—not the other way, as Mr. Littell has it.

J. LANG.

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# The Great American Novel

*Critic A*—Isn't it about time for that Great American Novel?

*Critic B*—You mean, isn't it about time for another? Remember we've always had one or more every year. "Great" is too good a word to keep in the stable where it gets rusty if we critics don't trot it out every few months just for exercise.

*A*—I mean really great, this time.

*B*—And what do you mean by that?

*A*—I mean a novel that really sums up, in sweeping fashion, all the currents of the age. A mirror of the forces that rule us and operate among us.

*B*—Name your forces.

*A*—Advertising, bigger and better business, jazz, newspaper headlines, beauty contests, True Story magazines, Shriners, the Ku Klux Klan, anti-evolution laws, balloon tires, movies, Florida real estate, Buicks make this hill on high, old ladies from Dubuque, four out of every five . . .

*B*—That's got nothing to do with the Great American Novel. That's all furniture. Besides it's been done. And a lot too often.

*A*—I don't agree. Perhaps it ought to be done better, but it can't be done too often. The things I have mentioned are the very background and flavor of American life today. Typical of us, typical.

*B*—That's just it. If you begin to think of things as typical, you go on to think of people as types, which they aren't. If the novelist has the American background too much on his brain, he writes about ad-men and Babbitts and Elks and starved spinsters and jazz babies and not about people.

*A*—You can't disentangle people from the age in which they live.

*B*—And this is an age of uniformity, conformity, mediocrity?

*A*—It certainly is.

*B*—And therefore you think that Americans are pretty much all alike, and respond like puppets to the pressure of their surroundings?

*A*—I do.

*B*—I thought so. Now listen. You believe in rules. And definitions. You think this novel must "sum up the age." Now I don't believe in rules. But here's one that I'll stick by: people are all different.

*A*—But these people are all moved by the same forces.

*B*—That does not make them sink into classifications, except to a hasty, outward view. The novel you are asking for will be superficial.

*A*—On the contrary. If the novelist is any good he will write a profound interpretation of what's really going on underneath his civilization, of all the motive powers, sinister or trivial, that make his characters behave as they do.

*B*—That's not my idea of a novel. That would be history, or social criticism, or journalism. A novel can't have a thesis.

*A*—Certainly it could, if it took the artistic, the fictional form. Think of the novels that have done that, and yet been great works of art. Think of War and Peace, and the marvelous picture and comment on those times it gives you. And as for a thesis, if you look at it a certain way, the whole book was written to prove that individual men don't make history.

*B*—Nobody but Tolstoy cared a whoop about that. We read it for the people, and not for his history or his thesis. I'll always remember Natasha, though I forgot his thesis long ago.

*A*—The picture presented by our American civilization is a thesis, and no novelist ought to disregard it. The American novelist ought to take that as his subject matter, and not confine himself to an interesting story or a few characters he happens to be fond of.

*B*—Then if you knew ten budding novelists, all of them really promising, you'd advise them to turn to the American scene in general, and write about that? You'd tell them to understand movies and chewing gum and automobiles and the small town and fit their characters into their vision of this scheme of things?

*A*—I think I would.

*B*—Then you'd get ten slightly varying versions of Babbitt and Main Street. Lord, how monotonous! And that would be dangerous advice for another reason. If you ask writers to look first at the general scheme of things, of course, when they see it at all clearly, they'll dislike it, and some of this dislike will inevitably be visited upon their characters.

*A*—Then what's your prescription?

*B*—I'd have them go at it the other way around. Have them study Americans, not America. Once they got in the habit of really looking at people, listening to them, with eyes unbiassed by the blare and limelight and cheapness and uniformity of American life, they would begin to see, not uniformity, but endless diversity. The novelist should always begin with people.

*A*—He should begin with a point of view. Perhaps he may succeed in concealing it artfully, but he ought to have one. Otherwise his work will be aimless. Ring Lardner for instance. A sense of character, a great talent for reproducing talk, and a fine humorist, but where does he land you? What's it all about? If he possessed a point of view, he might by now have written the Great American Novel. But he hasn't. And yet he "begins with people," as you advise.

*B*—If he hasn't actually done it, he's come as near the Great American Novel as anybody. I mean he's on the right trail. As soon as others follow that trail, and quit writing small town autobiographies and satires, we'll find that America begins to open up, and split up, and separate into hundreds and thousands of fascinating people all worth writing about.

*A*—And yet intellectually we might remain as set and uniform as ever, no matter what trail a few were following. Face the facts, admit the sad state of things intellectual and artistic. What are we going to do about this dead level America?

*B*—Not harp on it, but explore, discover, subdivide, individualize. Acquire a passion for people, become collectors of people. The habit of looking for the individual underneath the uniformity, and writing about him, will in itself cause a great deal of the uniformity to disappear. For this uniformity is partly only a habit of our own minds. We have complained about it so much that we find pleasure and self-justification in finding more of it than exists.

*B*—Your novelist, because of his passion for the trees, will lose sight of the forest.

*A*—So much the better. Nobody can really find out the truth about a forest, but much may be known about a tree, and no two trees are alike. And no two Americans are alike. If the Great American Novel is to be founded on any generalization, let it be on that one.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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# Varieties of Fiction

*The Counterplot, by Hope Mirrlees. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.*

MISS MIRRLEES prefaced her first novel, Madeleine, by the definition of fiction as the meeting place of Life and Art. Probably to most readers she failed in the former requirement. Paris of the seventeenth century, Paris of the Jansenists and the Précieuses, afforded material too remote and difficult for illustration of her theme. Madeleine is a novel of ideas, a static novel like Walter Pater's Marius and Gaston de Latour. It failed of appreciation in America, owing to the accident of competition with another, more sensational, Madeleine, a fact which justifies its mention here. In The Counterplot Miss Mirrlees has written from the same definition, but with a hand incomparably more subtle and adroit. Her material is a contemporary English family, with the play of character and motive as delicately and truly traced as in Miss Sinclair's Tree of Heaven or Mr. Forster's Howard's End. The exotic strain is supplied by the Spanish mother, Doña Anna; and in the midst of the pleasant English landscape renewing itself according to the seasons, under the light war of mocking words and daily interests, there runs the stream of ancestral instinct and inhibition. It is deepest in Theresa, the elder daughter, whose unspoken desires find expression in a drama of the days of Peter the Cruel, which fills the last third of the book. Whether Miss Mirrlees has succeeded in the bold course of transferring her theme from an English country house of the twentieth century to a Spanish convent of the fourteenth, and from the novel to the drama will, of course, be questioned. It is perhaps enough to say that the novel is enthralling; and the play in which she has satisfied her instinct for the re-creation of the past which animated Madeleine, may be enjoyed and admired for itself.

*A Good Man, by George F. Hummel. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.*

LAST year, in Subsoil, Mr. Hummel gave us a very penetrating study of a Connecticut village through a dozen sketches of its inhabitants. In A Good Man he returns to more conventional material and method. Where in Subsoil he worked from concrete reality of detail to a certain unity of conception, in A Good Man he has abstracted the qualities which belong to the American business man and painted a composite portrait in the manner of Babbitt. Theodore K. Goodrich is a Public Relations Counsel, where George F. Babbitt is a realtor, and he operates between New York and Scarsdale instead of in Zenith. For the rest, like Babbitt, Theodore K. is a hustler, a go-getter, a booster. He believes in humor and pep. He speaks the language of the live ones. He is at home in our educational system and at the Y. M. C. A. He is a good family man, a good suburban neighbor, and at the same time a New York version of Bel-Ami—his persistent enterprise in sex adventure quite outrunning Mr. Babbitt's occasional license. Above all he has learned the final beatitude: Blessed are the Vulgar. Mr. Goodrich is not a new character nor is his drama unusual, but he is singularly complete according to specifications —perhaps too complete for reality, and without the light touch which carries Babbitt into the realm of comedy.

*Drums, by James Boyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

FEW novels of the American past begin more promisingly than Mr. Boyd's, in the cabin of the Frasers among the hills of North Carolina, with the drums of the revolution sounding in the distance. Mr. Boyd has a background unexploited since William Gilmore Simms, and fresh characters: John Fraser, the pioneer lad, his gallant debonair mother, and his father, a Covenanter who had fought for the Stuart king at Culloden. Unfortunately the background submerges the characters, and by the time John reaches London he is a watery reflection of himself. Mr. Boyd rather gives himself away in a note in which he confesses to two errors in his text: the Bonhomme Richard did not sail from Brest to fight the Serapis, and an incident in the life of Fox took place not in Brooks's but in another London club. In the face of such candor it is ungenerous to remark that these details are of no importance whatever; but Mr. Boyd is increasingly preoccupied with them and with truth to period, while his story dies from anæmia. Even the heroine cannot revive it by transfusion of blood.

*Sea Horses, by Francis Brett Young. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

SEA HORSES is compounded of Mr. Young's usual ingredients, African adventure and human love, but he combines them with far greater skill than in his last novel, Woodsmoke. Working consciously under the example of Conrad he has the wit to see that his chance of rivalling the master lies in the quality of reserve. He has the tropical background as in The Heart of Darkness, the unleashed force of nature as in Typhoon and The Nigger of the Narcissus, the human derelict as in The Outcast of the Islands, but in his dealing with all of them Mr. Young is sparing of description, relying strictly on effects. The supreme instance of this reserve he might have learned directly from Conrad's Victory. The fact of passion underlies Sea Horses, permeating it, dominating the action, prepared for but never explained, to be accepted by act of faith on the part of the reader as it was by Glanvil and Helen Salvia. Meanwhile the story develops by the accepted method—the turn of the screw. Each phase of the plot is the transformation of the phase before, according to the logic of events and the hidden force which guides the characters. Altogether Mr. Young has shown himself an artist worthy of the tradition to which he belongs.

*Backfurrow, by G. D. Eaton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.*

BACKFURROW is a story of American country life, pitched in a low key and sustained in monotone. In its simplicity and straightforwardness it is altogether disarming. The two themes, soil and sex, are woven together in the life of the hero without a hint of overemphasis. The story begins like an American Growth of the Soil, but the hero lacks the fanatical concentration of his Norwegian prototype, the Norse vigor and the resistant toughness of fibre. He is the feminine principle, and the masculine earth is his conqueror. The final reconciliation is a surprise, but Mr. Eaton's disdain of the devices of fiction releases him from the obligation of formal preparation—and a backward look will convince the reader that he is right.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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# Bolshevism: Destructive or Constructive?

*The Reforging of Russia, by Edwin W. Hullinger. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 402 pages. $3.*

*The Bolshevik Myth, by Alexander Berkman. New York: Boni and Liveright. 319 pages. $3.*

*The Anti-Climax, by Alexander Berkman. Berlin: Maurer and Dimmick. 29 pages.*

*My Further Disillusionment in Russia, by Emma Goldman. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 178 pages. $1.50.*

*The Romance of New Russia, by Magdeleine Marx. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 225 pages. $2.*

*Lenin, by Leon Trotsky. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. 216 pages. $2.50.*

*After Lenin, by Michael Farbman. London: Leonard Parsons. 280 pages.*

*Leaves From a Russian Diary, by Pitirim Sorokin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 310 pages. $3.*

*The Sociology of Revolution, by Pitirim Sorokin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 428 pages. $3.*

WHAT a gold mine the Russian revolution has been to writers, travelers and retired diplomats, not to mention professional "after dinner artists"! All a foreigner had to do to qualify as an expert on the Russian situation was to enter the country and stay a few months in Petrograd, Moscow, or some other centre. If good luck was with him and he could only arrange things so as to be arrested by the Bolsheviks or expelled from the country, his fortune was made ipso facto.

The present collection is decidedly above the average. Nevertheless each book can hardly be understood, much less evaluated, without knowing the life and activities of the author. Hullinger was a newspaper correspondent for the United Press who was compelled by the Soviet authorities to leave Russia. Naturally his attitude was somewhat influenced thereby, although he recognizes that the Russian Revolution undoubtedly holds "the germ of a great truth—that of industrial injustice." His book is interesting; there are flashes which light up Allied policy, too, as for example, that the United Press regularly sent him reports through the diplomatic pouch of the American Relief Administration and that he, the author, on leaving Russia could send out any of his own papers through the same agency, thus eliminating censorship.

In The Bolshevik Myth, The Anti-Climax and My Further Disillusionment in Russia, Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman tell about the "injustices" of the American and Bolshevik governments, particularly the latter. One has the distinct feeling that the authors' philosophy of anarchism would result in hostility to any government anywhere. Emma Goldman says, "The state idea, the authoritarian principle has been proven bankrupt." Berkman starts his attack on the Bolsheviks because in the early days of the revolution, at the instigation of Colonel Raymond Robins, they attacked the Moscow Anarchist Club. This was done because the anarchists were sequestering machine guns and bombs and appropriating property, Colonel Robins's car among other things. Berkman is incensed because the Bolsheviks will not release all these anarchists from jail. He and Emma Goldman recount a great deal of spicy gossip about graft and corruption. Conservative Americans who oppose Bolshevism may get comfort from all this, but they should remember that these authors no less violently attack the United States and its ideals. Magdeleine Marx is the author of several novels; she spent six months touring Russia, and then returned and wrote another, The Romance of New Russia! It is as biased in favor of Bolshevism and the Soviets as the anarchist writers were against them. By reading both and then trying to reconcile the two, one may get some parts of the truth.

Trotsky's work on Lenin is not a masterpiece. It is hurriedly written, and does not tell so much about Lenin as it does about Trotsky. Nevertheless, it is important because it speaks with complete frankness of many of the intimate details of the revolution—the rough data from which genuine history and biography are constructed. The book describes in detail the soundness of Lenin's position favoring peace with Germany, and how Trotsky's famous formula of ending the War, but refusing to sign the peace, almost cost the revolution its life. Trotsky also tells of Lenin's later mistake in sending a military drive against Poland. New light is thrown on the famous phrase "rob the robbers." When the capitalist press was playing this up in all sorts of ways Trotsky asks whether the phrase was invented. "No, I once actually said it," Lenin answered; "I said it and forgot it, and they have made a whole program out of it."

Trotsky makes the significant admission that if the Bolsheviks had not seized the power in October they never would have seized it at all. Lenin is described as "the greatest revolutionary of history" because of his ability to concentrate on the outstanding issue—"the greatest inward mobilization of all his forces." Every careful student of Russian history should, of course, read these sketches, but the great book on Lenin's life and place has not yet been written.

Farbman's After Lenin is the most scholarly and neutral of any of the books reviewed. It does not sketch in great detail "the evolution of the revolution" as did his former work, Bolshevism in Retreat, but it brings the situation vividly down to date. The effect of the death of Lenin is clearly shown, and the characters and lives of the small group who have taken over the reins are given: Zinoviev, Kamenev, Stalin, Tomsky, Rykov and Bukharin. Farbman traces in detail the effect of the new economic policy both on the workers and the peasants. He also shows in convincing terms that the old Bolshevism is dead and that the new merely makes use of the names and labels of the old while carrying on an entirely different policy. He makes the point, "Had Lenin and his colleagues been thrown from power and replaced by a party pledged to the policy which the Bolsheviks are now actually carrying out, everyone would be perfectly convinced that a great change had taken place." Farbman ends his book by showing the dangers of a Russo-Asiatic orientation against Europe if we continue to isolate Russia.

In the Sociology of Revolution, by Sorokin, we have an attempt to assess scientifically the causes, consequences, and cures of revolutions. In considering any theory from the sociological point of view it is necessary to study carefully the life history of the individual who formulated it. In the case of Dr. Sorokin we find a partial case record in his book, Leaves from a Russian Diary. We there learn that he was an ardent enemy of the Bolsheviks, that Lenin's appearance reminded him of the face of a congenital crim-

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inal, and that his own "neutrality was purely fictitious."

His book is very stimulating, but certain serious shortcomings should be noted. Some of his sources are utterly worthless. For instance, he claims that 96.7 percent of "all girls under sixteen in Petrograd were deflowered." His authority for this statement is unpublished material of a distribution station. Dr. Sorokin does not agree with the leading historians of the world that "after many generations a better valuation of historical events is possible." He thinks that contemporaries are "the better judges of historical events." In so far as his book is submitted in evidence it disproves his thesis.

Perhaps we should not be too severe on the author since he wrote hurriedly while still recovering from the strain of escape from Russia. With the main thesis of the book that revolutions are caused by repressions of a number of the most important instincts, and that as a rule violent social explosion causes more harm than good, most sociologists will agree.

A careful student who has read and attempted to digest the miscellaneous assortment of books on Russia listed above, might be able to reach certain generalizations which are probably sound:

1. Revolutions do a great deal of damage materially and socially, but they also may do some good.
2. The Bolsheviks are actually achieving something of real constructive value and doing some harm, else why praise and blame from both friend and foe?
3. The Soviet policy is gradually changing, thus probably winning more support from the peasants.
4. Whether we fear or admire the Bolsheviks, we might as well recognize the Russian government. Only the ostrich hides its head in the sand.

JEROME DAVIS.

# Seeing the Point

*Glamour, by Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 280 pages. $2.*

ONE of the essays in Glamour, Mr. Stark Young's latest book on the theatre, is entitled Seeing the Point. It seems pertinent to quote these lines from it:

> Criticism of art that is a matter of personal preference and individual taste and private responses is not without value, however variable these may be. But the aspect of criticism that is most instructive, useful, and not to be debated, is that which arises first from the critic's ability to perceive the characteristic quality underlying a work of art.

Again Mr. Young says:

> Every man has some ability and gift toward seeing the essential quality of what he experiences—the discovery of what shall be for him the essential quality of the wind at night, say, or the poetry of Shelley or Leopardi, the art of Duccio or Botticelli, the character of a great city, or heroic figures in time, or cycles of thought.

Mr. Young's own criticism is informed with his peculiar, deep ability of seeing the point. He has the poet's sensitiveness to the essential idea behind any creation or personality. And whether he is discussing Duse or Doris Keane or John Barrymore or such technical questions as movement in acting or the art of directing, his vision is just, penetrating and full of that surprising novelty which only a truth arrived at with difficulty possesses.

Glamour is a book packed with reflection and discovery; its value is that it will stimulate all artists, not only those of the theatre or those who write about the theatre. Its theoretical mysticism may perhaps, in places, be caviar to the general. But to people who are looking for an enlargement of understanding, a clearer statement of the place and function art is to fill in their life, it will prove the most suggestive of companions.

Mr. Young's mind soars from the particular to the general. His writing is not for those who are looking for lively chit-chat about the stage, slangy diatribe or sophomoric enthusiasms. Yet it has humor, irony and inventive fancy. It has also acute analysis, constructive comment, and ardent, searching philosophy. In some ways, Glamour is not an easy book, but it is always a distinguished one. It demands a certain tip-toe alertness of attention from the reader because it is alive, complex and incalculable. It is not only critical but creative—so creative that one is constantly tempted to quote from it.

Mr. Young is civilized without effort. His mind picks its way with delicate assurance, delighting us by its quick understanding of shades in meaning and character and thought, and by its capacity for unconventional expression. There are moments, perhaps, when his tendency towards abstraction makes the reading of him difficult to the reader untrained in the philosophy of æsthetics. But his style, at its best, and when not too heavily charged with adjectives, achieves a flowing lyricism. His thought, in serious passages, has a very personal, mystical loftiness.

His lighter vein is delightful with its brio and unexpectedness; the satire in Mlle. Beauval to a Tea Party, for instance.

Mlle. Beauval, of the Molière Company, writes to the theatrical tea party at the Ritz:

> I was only a player, and so I lived my life. . . . I never dreamed once of being a lady, though it is true I did dream of becoming a great artist. But nowadays, Mesdemoiselles and Messieurs, it is so charmingly different, is it not? I do not see them among your company at tea, but there are no doubt artists who are less blessed, less about town, more bitten and hurt, more set on learning a great craft. You will not need that craft. You may not know much, but you know a great many people. . . .

One likes the idea of the imaginary letters—Rachel to Pauline Lord, La Corallina to Doris Keane, Garrick to John Barrymore, and the charmingly wistful and perfectly executed Molly Nelson to Margalo Gillmore. In these addresses Mr. Young combines perspicacity with a fine, helpful intention.

> It is your denials I object to, [writes Rachel to Pauline Lord]. You should admit more into your problem. Get more range. . . . However you may choose to express your matter for us, believe more in the flame of things as well as in their ashes in the soul. . . . . And in your own school you will never be great until you know clearly one fact, which is this: The great classical artist has to study his matter till he finds in it some large, simple pattern, some poetry of outline that will convey its truth and its infinite implications; but the realistic artist, though he expresses it in terms of the actual has also to find his main truth and emphasis.

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To those of us who have surveyed with mingled admiration and vexation Miss Lord's sensitive and yet curiously somnambulistic work, this seems the best possible advice to give her. What she needs is obviously a more conscious control of her emotional talent, the guiding compass of a "main truth," or what Mr. Young so frequently refers to as "idea." This "idea," as Mr. Young implies, she will never formulate and achieve without a wider knowledge of "ideas," without a more lucid cultural background. One wonders, however, if it is quite fair in Mr. Young to suggest to Miss Lord that she "cultivate magnetism." For is not magnetism a heaven-sent, unwilled physical blessing? Faced by Mr. Barrymore, Mr. Young is appreciative, but not without definite and well chosen reservations. To urge this latest, talented creator of Hamlet toward greater mystery and poetry, toward reverence, most of all toward a certain generous forgetfulness of self is counsel full of spiritual wisdom.

Mr. Young is wise and he is brilliant. But his brilliancy never exercises itself at anyone's expense; if Miss Gillmore or Miss Lord seem to him inadequate at any point, he does not sharpen his stiletto upon them; he tells them his feeling with a grave and useful and disarming sincerity.

Mr. Young has thought much about acting, as the section of Glamour entitled The Prompt Book reveals. Seeing the Point, Illusion in Acting, Wonder in Acting are chapters which should be read and pondered over by all players with an intelligent aspiration toward mastering their art. Mr. Young's discoveries are valuable because they are true. They may sound purely theoretical but they are founded on a lively attention.

Mr. Young's sophistication helps him to make estimates of the Moscow Art Theatre and of Madame Cécile Sorel and the convention of the French stage, which are learned and illuminating. It leads him to give us the exact nuance of a player or a point of view.

It leads him, for instance, to this analysis of the American uncleanly squeamishness:

> You have a public and a century that has grown middle-class and nervous about many matters. It mourns over these matters and whispers solemnly about them, or it is coarse and rowdy, but it is afraid to delight in using its wits about them. The masses have made people who ought to know better, forget that it is the play of the mind, not the forbidden subject, that is the thing we rejoice in.

In his paper on Duse, Mr. Young writes con amore, yet without exaggeration or sentimentality. He is luminous, poetic and restrained. This must stand as the finest and most complete appreciation of the great Italian artist that has so far appeared. The essence of her acting could not be better given to posterity. Mr. Young has the poet's mind, which is distinguished from the ordinary mind by its perception of resemblances and differences. This enables him to see that Duse "suggested perpetually a state of music," that her so-called "realism" was that "singular distinction in fidelity combined with ideal feeling" which we find in the sculpture of the early Renaissance, that her "labor, apparent ease, unity and freedom" are the qualities one finds in the arrangement of Italian cities and living. "The sweetness and harmony and poignant precision that Duse had were Italian," he writes, "and a certain tragic literalness and warmth of mind. She had the Italian consuming life, with its simplicity and directness of approach combined with what is subtle and highly complex."

His analysis of Duse on the stage shows unequaled critical acumen, and his understanding of Duse as a personality is tender and reverent and right. He gives us the precise quality of what an actual personal encounter and relation with Duse was, with its almost superhuman stress on the spiritual and eternal. This essay on Duse is a unique, and memorable example of "seeing the point."

Mr. Young's appreciation of the drama is made up of that wide association of ideas which we call a sympathetic culture, of a rare discrimination and of an intense response to life and art. We guess in him an acceptance of all forces with all their tragic implications, a belief in the adventure of living with its chances for experience in beauty. Such an equipment and such a faith are attributes of the artist. He is, then, the artist as critic. The reactions of his sensibility are those of an artist and so is his instinct for perfection in literary form. It is possible to disagree with some of the theories advanced in Glamour; it is not possible to dispute the emotional intuition displayed in this book and the felicity with which this intuition is expressed. This book must place Mr. Young as the most profound, original and eloquent critical talent in the American theatre.

MARY CASS CANFIELD.

# Lexington and Concord

*The Nineteenth of April, 1775, by Harold Murdock. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 134 pages. $2.*

*The Day of Concord and Lexington, by Allen French. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 295 pages. $4.*

THE BATTLE of Lexington and Concord promi to become, at the present rate of profane researchin one of the fifteen decisive scandals of history. The tradition of the school books portraying our heroic fathers standing defiantly on the Lexington Green and giving the British regulars a touch of American scorn in death has long been under suspicion among the historians accustomed to the study of documents. The story of the boy who hacked open the head of a wounded British soldier and left him weltering in his blood for an hour or two until death relieved him has likewise been common property in the gild of the adept; only recently news of it crept out into the American Legion Weekly. (Solomon S. Mencken will surely want to suppress the edition.) And now comes the deponent, Mr. Harold Murdock, who swears to the possession of historic doubts concerning the black and white epic told to the young heroes of our day. He vows that when the British regulars fired on the mob during the Boston Massacre they "deprived the town of some of its undesirable denizens" that Major Pitcairn, the awful man of the books who breathed fire and slaughter, was "a very true and gallant gentleman"; that "the Lexington company, as a company, did not fire upon the Light Infantry on the Common"; that the tale about the mutilation of the wounded British soldier must stand in naked horror; and that nearly all, if not all, the legends about British atrocities are false. Bang! In one grand explosion the ark of the covenant goes up to oblivion. The business of that memorable day was conducted by gallant gentlemen, with decorum on the whole, and there is now nothing in the way of an Anglo-American entente. In a small, compact, well written, and carefully documented book, Mr. Murdock had disposed of a few major problems of the ancient grudge. Anybody who has the slightest curiosity about the truth in the matter will have to read this brochure.

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Mr. Allen French, after many years devoted to the study of Concord and Lexington, gives us, not an essay on selected issues, but a complete survey of the whole drama enacted on the Nineteenth of April. All the controverted questions are boldly and intelligently faced, critically examined in the light of the best contemporary evidence, and as far as humanly possible (in our present state of knowledge) fairly resolved. Nothing mars these pages or hinders the movement—except a few inappropriate thrusts at our late enemies, the Germans, thrusts betraying an animus out of place in a serious historical work. (German "frightfulness" may disappear like the tales of British atrocities at Concord in the fierce heat of persistent research—in fact the official myth is nothing but a tattered scarecrow now.) Apart from these needless asides, this volume meets the requirements of exact science. Historians already familiar with the contour of the mountainous literature on the subject will give thanks for a new book that affords precision to the outline. Citizens who care to know about intimate details of that historic battle can find nothing equal to Mr. French's book. Incidentally a new and vivid chapter is added to the history of propaganda—and the uses of falsehood in the triumph of great causes.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

# The Devil's Disciple and the Inquiring Reporter

*Bernard Shaw, by Edward Shanks. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 128 pages. $1.*

*Table-talk of G. B. S., by Archibald Henderson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 162 pages. $2.*

EDWARD SHANKS'S study of Bernard Shaw, published in the series of Writers of the Day, is excellent biographical criticism in condensed and orderly form. What biographical material there is is merely the framework for the careful structure of appreciation, literary and moral. Despite Shaw's definition of romance as "that great heresy which must be swept off from art and life," Mr. Shanks insists upon his character as a "romantic idealist." The romantic mission undertaken by Shaw was just the reformation of conventional morality by means of art, and vociferously—often stridently—in season and out of season, he preached the intellectual consideration of standards of conduct. Essentially a man of the theatre, his attacks upon the conventions were most effective on the narrow front of drama—his characters created for the purpose of expounding Shaw's theories or being convinced thereby, but saved from unrelieved didacticism by the exuberance of their creator's spirit and the effervescence of his stinging wit.

As propagandist of the "new morality" Mr. Shanks admits Shaw a Jesuit in method, accounting for what he frankly terms his "intellectual dishonesty" in dialectic by his fanatical conviction that the main lines of his case are accurate, and the pursuant determination "by whatever means, to induce in his audience a mood of agreement, however bewildered and reluctant." His prefaces—alias pamphlets—Mr. Shanks sees as the utterances of a skilled debater, having all the defects of his qualities, "whose concern is to keep his end up, to score immediately, not to be put out of countenance, to pass over the weak links in his case as adroitly and unnoticeably as he can." The chapter on Shaw the philosopher presents him as a veritably religious man constrained to a "repellent and inhuman terminology" by his shyness of religious terms—a prophet "compelled by self-consciousness to put on something of the clown." One feels throughout this keen and sympathetic study a pleasant union of critical acumen and warmth of understanding that demonstrates Mr. Shanks's special fitness to interpret this perennial gadfly of art and morals to a generation more receptive but less easily startled than that which capered under his first stings.

In Archibald Henderson's new Shaw book, however, we see the rôles reversed. It is the biographer who goads the harassed prophet by a relentless questionnaire to retorts that form the alleged Table-talk of G. B. S.—talk inconceivable at any table save that furnished with the lecturer's waterpitcher and glass. But there's no accounting for tastes! Mr. Henderson woos the reluctant Shaw with page upon page of his own opinions—and succeeds in eliciting many of the famous doctrines, regarnished with fresh paradoxes and shiny new epigrams, but otherwise such as one hears wherever two or three of the moderately intelligent are gathered together. The "conversations" on post-war relations might be transplanted bodily from, or to, the editorial pages of any bright young Liberal journal. The only real contribution to political theory is the Shavian remedy for democracy: "an anthropometric method by which you can grade men according to their political capacity." On movies, modern drama, contemporary literature and the pornography of the Joyce school the comment of the great satirist as reported is trite to a degree that provokes the heretical doubt that one might on some occasion have said those very things oneself! The "new business" in these friendly meetings is negligible, but Shaw does repeat himself more amusingly than anyone else could.

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

## Contributors

FRANK SIMONDS, journalist, is the author of They Shall Not Pass—Verdun, 1916, and A History of the World War in five volumes.

AMY LOWELL, whose recent death was keenly regretted by all lovers of American poetry, was the author of A Dome of Many-Colored Glass, Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds, Can Grande's Castle, A Critical Fable, and other books. Her chief work, The Life of John Keats, was published this spring.

LEONIE ADAMS is a graduate of Barnard. Her first book of verse, Those Not Elect, is soon to be published by McBride and Company.

MARK VAN DOREN is literary editor of The Nation, and a frequent contributor of poetry and criticism to magazines. He is the author of Spring Thunder and Other Poems.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER has just returned to the United States after two years in Central Europe. His latest book is Roast Leviathan. Enlarged and revised editions of Modern American Poetry and Modern British Poetry will appear this fall.

JEROME DAVIS is the author of The Russians and Ruthenians in America, and The Russian Immigrant. He has held the Gilbert L. Stark chair of practical philanthropy at Yale Divinity School since 1924.

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